NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. Without Concealment---Without Compromise. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Corresponding Editor.

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The Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

[The following is the official report of the proceedings of the meetings last week, but the report of the speeches made at the Tabernacle, is by Mr. W. Henry Burr, Phonographer.]

The Fifteenth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society was held on the 8th of May 1849 at the Broadway Tabernacle. The meeting was called to order by the President of the Society, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who remarked that in a good cause the benediction of God might confidently and successfully be supplicated. That theirs was such a cause there could be no doubt; it was the best of causes—a cause for the promotion of universal Liberty, and they were sure therefore that the smiles of God were upon it. If therefore, any person in the assembly felt like offering a vocal petition to God in behalf of the cause an opportunity would be given for that purpose.

Rev. Samuel May of Leicester, Mass. then addressed the throne of grace.

Mr. Garrison then said that as his name had been unexpectedly set down for a speech, unwilling to encroach upon the time of others who were to address the assembly, the only speech he would make would be to read from the testimony of those whose reputation, unlike his own, was excellent, and whose authority no one would question, in reference to the sin of those who screen the oppression of the oppressors, and whose application to our own guilty land no one could honestly doubt or deny. He referred to the prophets of old, and wished the audience to listen for a few moments to the following:

SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

"This is a rebellious people, lying children, children that will not hear the law of the Lord:—Which say to the seers, see not; and to the prophets, Prophecy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things, prophecy deceits; get ye out of the way, turn aside out of the path, cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us. Wherefore thus saith the Holy One of Israel. Because ye despise this word *and trust in oppression and perverseness*, and stay thereon: therefore this iniquity shall be to you as a breach ready to fall, swelling out in a high wall, whose breaking cometh suddenly, at an instant. And he shall break it as the breaking of the potter's vessel; he shall not spare.

"Hear now this, O foolish people, and without understanding; which have eyes, and see not; which have ears, and hear not: Fear ye not me? saith the Lord. Will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea, by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it; and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it? But this people hath a revolting and a rebellious heart; they are revolted and gone. Neither say they in their heart, Let us now fear the Lord our God. They lay wait as he that setteth snares: they set a trap, they catch men. As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit: therefore they are become great, and waxen rich. They are waxen fat, they shine; yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked: they judge not the cause, the cause of the fatherless, yet they prosper; and the right of the needy do they not judge. They buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes. Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

"Thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying, Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother: and oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless, the stranger, nor the poor, and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart. But they refused to hearken, and pulled away the shoulder, and stopped their ears that they should not hear. Yea, they made their hearts as an adamant-stone, lest they should hear the law, and the words which the Lord of hosts hath sent in his Spirit by the former prophets: therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of hosts. Therefore it is come to pass, that, as he cried, and they would not hear; so they cried, and I would not hear, saith the Lord.

"—Thus saith the Lord concerning the prophets that make my people err, that bite with their teeth, and cry, Peace: *and he that putteth not into their mouths*, they even prepare war against him: therefore night shall be unto you, that ye shall not have a vision; and it shall be dark unto you, that ye shall not divine. The Seers shall be ashamed, and the diviners confounded: yea, they shall all cover their lips; for there is no answer of God. Hear this, ye that abhor judgment, and pervert all equity: that build up Zion with blood, and Jerusalem with iniquity. The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us? none evil can come upon us. Therefore shall Zion for your sake be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps.

"Is it not for you to know judgment, who hate the good, and love the evil; who eat the flesh of my people, and flay their skin from off them, and break their bones, and chop them in pieces, as for the pot, and as flesh within the cauldron?

"For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord. I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him."

In continuation, Mr. Garrison said, that from the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society it had been one of its grand distinctive objects to brand slaveholding as a sin of the deepest dye, and therefore to make a profession of Christianity, or rather the possession of it, morally incompatible as it respects slaveholding. The American Anti-Slavery Society had assumed that no slaveholder ought to be recognized as a member of Christ's body, that every church claiming to be the Church of Christ ought to be without blood-guiltiness and that any man who dared to call his brother-man his property stood convicted of being destitute of the spirit of Christ and without the love of God in his soul: For taking this ground the Society had been extensively denounced as an infidel organization, as making war upon the Church of Christ, as wishing to dishonour the Christian name,—and no marvel that this cry had been raised on the part of professed Christians whose hands were stained with innocent blood, on the part of the Church, on the part of the clergy, who were slaveholders or guilty of striking hands with slaveholders in Christian union and fellowship.—But on the other side of the Atlantic, the eyes of those who professed to believe in Christ were not blinded to this great sin and they agreed perfectly in the sentiments and views propagated by this Society in regard to the exclusion of all slaveholders from a church calling itself by the name of Christ. They had had their testimony from the other side of the Atlantic sent over to them on various occasions numerously signed and in various forms. He had before him one recently received from Scotland signed by thousands of persons connected with the religious bodies of that country, and by quite a large number of the ministers of the various denominations there. The appeal was a very brief one, but said everything that need be said on the subject.

Francis Jackson, of Boston, the Treasurer of the Society, then read the following report:—

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT.

The American Anti-Slavery Society in Account Current for the year with Francis Jackson, Treasurer.—Dr.

From May 1st, 1848, to May 1st, 1849.

To Standard and Donation Account,	$6,952 20
To Balance from Old Account,	2 59
To Publication Account,	37 78
	$6,992 57

Cr.	
By Standard Account and Salary Account,	$5,231 63
By Agency Account,	476 87
By Expense Account—including Rent of Printing and Publication offices, fuel, postage, mailing, papers, and incidental expenses,	783 66
By Interest and Discount Account,	24 97
By Publication Account,	59 00
By Loan Account,	400 00
By Balance in Treasury,	17 44
	6992 57

[E. E.]
FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

New York, May 1st, 1849.

We have examined the vouchers and additions of the above account, and certify the same to be correct, leaving a balance on hand of seventeen dollars and forty-four cents ($17 44).

J. S. GIBBONS, OLIVER JOHNSON, } Auditors.

Mr. Edmund Quincy presented the following series of resolutions as the subject matter of discussion during the day and subsequent sessions of the Society:

1. Resolved, That (in the language of Rev. Dr. Young, of Perth, Scotland,) "the grand error of the American churches was opening the door of their fellowship to the admission of slaveholders. It was this which, by an obvious moral sequence, sophisticated their consciences, lowered the tone of their testimony, led them to tamper with the Word of God, and involved them in all their present troubles. They excluded the thief or the robber, who happened to have secular law against him; but the legalized in theft and robbery, whose guilt was far greater, they took to their bosom as brethren in Christ. This was their error—their great, their primary, their stupefying error; and till this error be retrieved—till they are brought to feel and to act on the feeling, that the pure morality of the gospel is opposed, and opposed alike, to every "want of conformity to, or transgression of, the law of God," their recovery is hopeless."

2. Resolved, That from the first hour that the Abolitionists espoused the cause of the slave, they necessarily, *as a matter of principle*, broke their alliance with the slaveholders; and if any of them are found clinging to churches which give the right hand of Christian fellowship to a slaveholder, or opposing the doctrine of Disunion, it is simply because they are yet blind to their whole duty, or, seeing it, are guilty of betraying that cause to which they sacredly pledged themselves.

3. Resolved, That if, at the close of our revolutionary struggle for independence, when the fire of Liberty was burning brightest in every breast, and but half a million of slaves were on our soil, the American Union could be formed only by throwing around Slavery and the slave trade national guaranties of protection; it follows that, with a slave population of three millions, the number of slave States more than doubled, and the national conscience seared as with a hot iron by a long and frightful career of oppression, the Union can be maintained only so long as those guaranties are recognized as binding on the whole country.

4. Resolved, That that which is giving strength, extension and perpetuity to Slavery—to wit, THE UNION—on being overthrown by a peaceful withdrawal from it by the non-slaveholding States, for conscience sake and for self-preservation, must necessarily weaken, limit, and speedily extirpate Slavery from the American soil. Therefore,

5. Resolved, That the motto of every Christian and of every Patriot should be—"*No Union with slaveholders, either religiously or politically.*"

6. Resolved, That this is not a question of expediency, on which action may be innocently deferred "till a more convenient season," but one of absolute morality—of obedience to God and fidelity to mankind—to be met and carried out to the letter without delay.

Mr. Parker Pillsbury.—Mr. Chairman, why I am to address a meeting at this time is not to me so clear. My name was not announced in the programme, but the names of some who certainly are older and better soldiers in the cause than myself. I suppose, however, it is on the principle of sending the light troops forward to commence the onset. And I always feel called upon to submit to whatever may be demanded at my hands, having enlisted long since, and having consecrated myself to the prosecution of the cause of Anti-Slavery.

The Resolutions which have been read cover much ground. The questions presented in them for our discussion may well be said to be before us for to-day, and for two or three subsequent days.

There is one idea to which I would mainly direct the attention of this audience, and it is this: Slavery does not exist in our country so much on account of the love of it in the hearts of the people at the North, as from the fact, *that the great mass of the people at the North are as yet utterly unacquainted with its character, and with their own relations to it.* There is enough of talent and of influence, enough of education and of moral power in this assembly to overthrow the Institution of Slavery, within twelve months. But the grand difficulty will be to make this audience believe that it is their appropriate work. The mass of you, I fear, have assembled this morning as you would gather together at a performance—from motives much like those which would induce you to visit the Exhibition of the Deaf and Dumb, or of the Blind, or a theatrical representation. You are here most of you as spectators, not as part of the movement. This is a grand mistake on your part. We have no right to be in this assembly this morning as spectators: we hold a relation to Slavery which admits of no such position on our part. The Anti-Slavery movement is not a movement of the President of the American Anti-Slavery Society alone; nor is it a movement of the Society merely, or of any of its auxiliaries: it is a movement belonging to the entire nation; it is a movement which belongs to the entire human family. There is not a human being on the face of the wide earth who is not deeply concerned for the overthrow of Slavery in this country. The most obscure inhabitant of the island of Madagascar, the most degraded son of the Fejee Islands, is deeply interested, body and soul, in the overthrow of Slavery as it exists in this land. There is no moral being in the vast universe whose interests are not probably deeply affected by that institution. Yet our grand difficulty will be to impress upon this congregation, and upon the nation of which this congregation is an important part, the fact that they they themselves hold such a relation to Slavery as it becomes their immediate, imperative duty to labour effectually for its entire abolition. But we are here this morning most of us probably as spectators. If there be any truth in the doctrine of human accountability to God, I do not believe He sees an idle spectator in this whole assembly. I do not believe that there is a man, woman, or child in this large audience of whom God does not require that the slave be immediately set at liberty, through his or her influence and instrumentality. I would as soon expect to stand a spectator at the scenes of the coming judgment, if the doctrine of the church with reference to that day be true, as to be an inhabitant of these United States and be simply a spectator of a movement for the overthrow of Slavery in this country. The great mass of the people indeed seem to live for no specific object. We are only lookers on in God's world. We seem to know not that we are created for any particular purpose, and if we are as we ourselves think we are, it seems to me the Almighty could have been better employed than in our creation. For what are we but the merest dependencies on some leader; the echoes of sentiments not our own; followers of demagogues, or of whoever may have the ambition to put himself at our head. I see before me men who might wield in their own hands the destinies of the nation, and yet I doubt not they have even this moment, yet to begin to learn that God created them for any particular purpose whatsoever. Here we are in the middle of the nineteenth century, in the land boasting of more republican institutions, more principles of human freedom, and more Christianity than any other nation on the globe, and yet nineteen out of twenty of the inhabitants even of the non-slaveholding States have yet to learn that they are anything but the lowest vulgar fraction ever compounded to constitute one integer or whole number. The great mass of the young men do not dream that they were made to be ought but vulgar fractions, the hundredth or the thousandth part of some Whig or Democratic "party," the millionth part of some political or religious organization. How many are there before me this morning, who have ever dreamed that they owed it to themselves, to their own humanity and to their God, to be something more than fractions in creation; and yet I am afraid that when I shall come to reduce humanity to the lowest denomination possible, it would turn out that by far the greater part of us are the veriest cyphers, and only fragments of political and sectarian organizations. We have learned from religious and political teachers that we were made to be part of the Whig or Democratic party or of the Presbyterian, Methodist, or Baptist church. It is not yet known in our country that we were made to be *individual men and women*, and responsible only to God and our own individual consciences. We aim at being nothing higher than parts or parcels of organizations and associations. We never dream that we were born to be anything but Whigs and Democrats, Baptists or Methodists, or some other fractional, or fragmentary part of those bodies and organizations. The pulpit has done nothing more or better than to teach that sentiment, and that alone. The minister of the Baptist church looks at the young man and woman of his congregation as so much raw material to be moulded and manufactured into Baptists, nothing else. The Presbyterian clergymen of New York looks upon the young man and woman as so much raw material to be manufactured into Presbyterians, nothing more; and the young man and woman, supposing vainly enough that they were created for no other purpose than this, that as cotton grows upon the plantations of the South to be spun and wore into cloth, so they grow up "to draw nutrition, propagate and rot," into Congregationalists, Methodists, or Presbyterians, or to become parts of some other kind of sectarian or political associations and organizations. And so long as that sentiment prevails so long human society will remain as it is; unworthy the work or wisdom of the Creator.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has recently, in this age of discovery, discovered a new principle, which has unquestionably done more to confirm the community in that sentiment than all other causes combined. The doctrine of "organic sin," was a greater discovery to quiet the burnings of conscience, o. the body politic, than the discovery of ether or chloroform could possibly have been, to destroy physical pain in the amputation of limbs, and in the performance of other painful surgical operations. We had waked up the political and religious spirit, and we were performing some very severe and painful operations upon the body religious, and the body politic, and they were beginning to shriek and writhe, betokening evident signs of the keenest anguish. But the American Board, in this day of miracles and wonders, just in time to save the distressed consciences, have discovered this moral chloroform, and administered it in such powerful doses, as that now I think the Church and State can be cut in slices and scarcely feel or know that an operation has been performed. (Applause.) They have made hard and long work for us who have undertaken a reformation in the manners and morals of the people. We have been charged with putting back the cause of emancipation for half a century. I stand on this platform this day, to charge the American Board with having impeded the cause of moral and religious progress by more than double that amount of time. How long will it take us to overthrow existing social national evils like Slavery, like war and other national crimes, when the most powerful ecclesiastical bodies in the land, if not in the wide world, has declared all national sin to be "*organic sin*," and therefore *no sin at all.*

But you still ask us why we attack the church? In the name of heaven I demand what else shall we attack? What else is quieting the conscience of this nation like the church? what other body or association has power to administer such powerful opiates to quiet the nation's conscience. The church is the light of the world, no matter where she may place her light. She may plant it at the entrance to the portals of glory, and there let it stand and conduct the moral world to present and everlasting salvation; or she may do as she has done, go and rear her light away on some reef of fatal rocks and whelm whoever is guided by it in swift and certain destruction. And such is, at the present moment, the position of the church of our land.

Slavery! it is an evil with which our land has long and deeply cursed itself. It is an evil so enormous that the Catholicism of South America could no longer endure it. It is an evil of such magnitude that the monarchs of the Old World made haste to put it away. But the religious bodies of our land have yet to acknowledge that it is an evil, much less that it is a sin against God and humanity; and there lives hardly a Doctor of Divinity on the American soil who does not extend the right hand of Christian fellowship to the bloodiest slaveholder who ever wielded a cowskin, to the most cruel tyrant who ever wrenched a babe from its mother's arms, and wiped off her tears with the cart-whip. Such is the character of American religion.

The city of New York is black with a baptism clergymen this morning. I see them scattered in this assembly. I am glad they are here; I would to God there were more of them present, for I fancy that before this meeting closes, some wholesome truth may be uttered which they very much need to know. I believe that multitudes of the American clergy are innocent men, but in saying this, I am aware that it is justifying their hearts at a terrible cost to their heads. (Laughter.) I find as I travel through the community that of all the men who need teaching, the *religious teachers* are the most deplorably ignorant.

The other day I encountered three Methodist clergymen, and had a conversation with them. One of them stands very conspicuous in the State in which he lives, and wields perhaps more influence than any other. They, I doubt not, with the utmost honesty and sincerity, assured me that the Methodist church of the Northern States was entirely separated from all connection or contamination with Slavery—that there were no slaves or slaveholders in the Northern division of this church. I know not when I have seen men so much surprised as they were when I assured them that in the Methodist church of the North there were *twenty-seven thousand slaves and four thousand slaveholders*; that in the so called Northern Conference were embraced the whole of the State of Missouri and Arkansas, a large portion of Kentucky and Virginia, and almost the whole of Maryland and Delaware; making eight Conferences, and comprising, as I said, 27,000 slaves and 4,000 owners of slaves. Now I should be very sorry to judge these men with great severity. They honestly believed what they said. But I appeal to this audience whether they were not emphatically of that class of whom the son of God spoke when he exclaimed, "ye blind guides." A great part of the ministry are of that unfortunate character; they cannot, however, be held responsible for much! Certainly no just tribunal will ever hold them responsible for much. They know nothing of the character of the Southern religion with which they are in full fellowship and communion.

I am very unexpectly standing on this platform, this morning; but I know not but there may have been some kind of special Providence in my favour, for I came in possession this very hour of a southern newspaper, the Georgia Constitutionalist, which contains a letter from a southern clergyman, a few passages of which I think will add very much to my apology of an address at this time. You are all aware that Henry Clay has recently written a letter in *favour* of Emancipation, as he calls it. I believe the editor of the N. A. S. Standard calls it "Henry Clay's second appearance in fifty years speaking in dramatic parlance; for Mr. Clay tells us that in 1799 he held the same sentiments which he now appears on the stage again to utter in 1849." That letter has called forth a review from a zealous defender of Slavery, a clergyman at the South. He commences in this way:

"*Mr. Editor:* Having seen, in a Northern print, to which it had been sent, with the speed of the telegraph, Mr. Clay's last chapter on emancipation; and thinking its publication, at this special juncture, likely to be productive of some evil, I beg a place in your columns to expose its fallacious sophisms, by applying to it the scriptural test."

Now the great mass of the Northern clergymen used to defend Slavery by this "*scriptural test*;" but they have been induced from policy or from some other reason, to a great extent, *to seem* to lay that argument aside. Here however it appears in such a conspicuous light that I cannot forbear to bring a few passages before this congregation. He proceeds thus:

"In regard to the scriptural view of Slavery, under the gospel dispensation, we ask Mr. Clay or any of his Northern associates to point us to a single precept, or word, uttered by Jesus Christ, or his Apostles, prohibitory of Slavery, or even passing the first intimation of censure against the institution. Were not the Christain Churches founded by Christ and his apostles well organized societies? Would Mr. Clay or any other than an avowed infidel dispute that fact? And yet in these Churches were slaves, upon whom, toward their owners, the strongest injunctions to submission, obedience and faithfulness were every where most positively urged, by the inspired writers of the New Testament, and the strongest terms of reprobation used, against such as should attempt to teach sentiments subversive of the institution of Slavery, and tending to corrupt slaves: see I. Tim. vi. 1—5; see the Epistle to Philemon, in which Paul practically taught the incompatibility of a slave's escaping the service of his master, with the divine forgiveness, and christian profession of such fugitive slave. Under these instructions Onesimus felt himself bound, as a christian convert, to return to the service of his master."

He was a rather better Christian convert, according to the Rev. gentleman's view, than our friend Douglass, before me. I met yesterday in Worcester, Mass. a very good lady a member of one of the orthodox churches, on whom Douglass once a called for a donation to the cause of Anti-Slavery. She inquired who he was. He said he was a fugitive slave. "Then," said she, "I have nothing to give you; *you have stolen yourself from your master* and the best thing you can do, is to return to the master to whom you belong and from whom you have so wickedly stolen yourself." (Laughter.) He was not quite pious enough however to do that, as Onesimus was, according to the showing of this Southern divine who felt himself bond to return to the service of his master. The letter continues:

"But we ask at this point if the omniscient Saviour and his inspired Apostles would have instituted regulations for the perpetual continuance of slavery, if they had not recognized the institution to be a blessing to well organized society"

Mr. Clay, it will be recollected, undertook in the course of his letter to argue in this way. He intimated that the argument in defence of Slavery by the Southern brethren proved too much, because it proved that any body who had more intelligence and strength than another man might enslave that weak and ignorant man and make him subservient to his power. Now here is I think a curiosity of an answer to that doctrine:

"Are we here to understand Mr. Clay to be playing into the hand of Abolitionism, by insinuating that the institution of Slavery justifies violent seizure of men, whether white or black, entitled to freedom, and thus by force subjects them to a state of bondage? Does he place the rise of the institution of African Slavery among us, upon such footing. If so, we call upon him to give the proof, till which, he must excuse us for considering this absurd sophism a disingenuous thrust at the sacred rights of the South, *an and unhallowed misrepresentation of God's institution.* The whole of his 3d and 4th verses are made up of the same sort of sophistical misrepresentation, suited well to please Northern fanatics, and strengthen their hands in their mad disregard *of the Bible and the American Constitution*—in their threatened onslaught upon Southern rights."

The Bible and the Constitution are the two main pillars which support Slavery in this country, in the estimation of the South, and I may add, of the great mass of the clergymen of the North. The letter goes on:

"As Mr. Clay has perhaps neglected to examine the Bible plan of Slavery, through his many engagements in electioneering for the Presidency, and in the duties of the high offices of State which he has filled, he will pardon us for showing him *God's method of making slaves.*"

But I will pass over "God's method" to another passage.

"Has this divine institution of God's appointment done our Southern slaves wrong in placing them beneath the *protecting banner of the Constitution and laws of the most civilized portion of the world*; [That may be a new idea to some of us] and under the guardianship of owners, whose christian sympathy and personal interest combine to furnish them (parents and children) a comfortable home for life, and such supply of food, raiment and medical aid, as may be best calculated to secure health and prolong life! *But when Mr. Clay shall have answered the several interrogatories propounded to him in our comment on the* 2nd verse of his chapter, he will have found God and Christ, and all holy men of old, sanctioning Slavery as the most sublime institution of mercy, next to that of Redemption; [much Laughter, and a request to read that again] and intended by God, as exemplified in the Bible, to be incorporated with every well-organized society."

(A voice; give us the writers name?) The writers name is not given: the article is headed, "A review of Mr. Clay's letter on Emancipation by a Southern Clergyman." I think it took a clergyman to write this. (Laughter.) There is no politician I know of, that I regard as more corrupt than Henry Clay, but even he could'nt write so. I do not believe there is a politician this side of Milton's Hell, that would write or utter such blasphemies. (Applause and hisses.) That is interesting to me—every one in his own vernacular. (Loud Applause and laughter.)

But let us hasten with the letter:

"What, then, must be the fearful predicament of Mr. Clay and his abolition friends both of Old and New England? [He grows solemn here.] Are they not all, whether few or many, fighting against the God of heaven?—Lifting their puny fists in opposition to Him who sits upon his lofty throne and laughs to scorn the impious attempts of his enemies to frustrate his designs or thwart his appointments? Leaving Mr. Clay and the friends of Abolitionism to contemplate the fearful results of their unequal conflict, let the advocates of Slavery humbly rejoice in finding the God of the Bible with them, and that truth is mighty and must prevail."

I think I have read enough. The reason why I have read it is because I made a bold statement a little while ago in reference to the position of clergymen of the North. I said they were not aware of the character of those with whom they are in association at the South. I do not believe there are a dozen clergymen in New York, who will not be startled at these sentiments. But there is another worse statement than that, which I have to make. I do not believe there are half dozen clergymen in New York, who would not be proud to welcome this clergyman to their pulpits. (A voice; yes, there are more than that.) I do not believe a word of it. I know what the churches and clergymen of the city of New York are. I know something about these pretended divisions in the Baptist and Methodist churches of the North, but I tell you that on the part of those who have created these divisions, it is all for the sake of ecclesiastical effect, the same as we see when politicians contrive some scheme to blind the eyes, and quiet the consciences, of those who are disturbed, or from whom danger to their party is to be apprehended. I tell you the great mass of the clergy, not only of the city, but of the State of New York are in good, loving, fellowship and communion with the author of this letter; and thus have expelled from their churches in very many instances men and women who dared to call such sentiments in question. Now if you are going to be teachers of the people, why not first instruct yourselves and then teach them?

The sentiments of this letter are as good as the doctrine of the American Board, or of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, old or new school. No large ecclesiastical body in our land has promulgated sentiments less diabolical than these. We are here to-day to call the attention of the people to the character of their religious teachers. The ministry of New England has expelled the Anti-Slavery of the North from their fellowship and communion. Have they expelled the slaveholding South? I tell you nay. This very week New York is sprinkled, from one end to the other, with these very Southern clergymen, and it is even possible that the writer of that letter may be among them. And yet where is the rebuke of the churches of New York. There is none. The New York Observer, the New York Evangelist, and the New York Independent, indeed I presume every religious paper of this whole city, will brand this meeting as *a gathering of infidels.* They will brand it with more opprobium than will any other class of the city presses. And yet what are we doing here? We are exposing the rottenness and hypocricy of a religion, one of whose Doctors is the writer of the letter, extracts of which have been read to you. That is what we are doing, and that is why we are branded as infidels. The *New York Herald* will not brand this as a conclave of infidels. (Laughter.) I tell you it takes the religious press to brand us as infidels, (a voice, true!) and it is simply because we are here to expose the only dangerous infidelity that now stalks abroad in our land. I fear not that infidelity which the church says has been imported from France; I care not for any atheism which the church professes to dread. I tell you the only dangerous infidelity we have to fear, is the infidelity of a church, the ministers of which can promulgate such sentiments as I have read; sentiments which, I believe, if there were presses in perdition that published the foreign news that might be telegraphed thence from this world, they would find some corner of their paper in which to insert it and head it, "Refuge of Scoffers," and under that head publish that letter. (Applause.)

Still you ask us why we attack the church? What shall we attack? What else can harm the cause of humanity like the church? I tell you, nothing. The Anti-Slavery movement is omnipotent against everything but the power of the church, and it will one day be triumphant over those proud organizations which to-day sneer at us as conclaves of infidels and atheists. Over the ruins of this proud and insolent organization we will one day march to a glorious triumph. There is nothing from which we encounter such violent opposition as from the church and the clergy of the land. The politics of the country! why it is more than half converted to Anti-Slavery. The politicians of the country already begin to see Anti-Slavery men "as trees walking," and they make haste to take refuge beneath their friendly shelter. Why the very organization of what is called the Free Soil party, whatever may be said as to its merits as a party, proves that hardness of heart and blindness of mind on the part of the political institutions of the country are already giving way. Why, the pulpits of the land are strengthening themselves in their hostility to freedom as they never did before. I tell you that were it not for the position of the church and the ministry, we could elevate to-day the banner of Free Soil and Emancipation, and every slave would enjoy his liberty secure. That is the reason why we attack the church. Henry Clay rides at last in the car of prospective emancipation, and he is met by the pulpits of the land, and his letter denounced, not for its defence of Slavery, but because it hints at its overthrow. The sentiments even of such men as Henry Clay are in advance of the church. He joined the church but a few years since, and possibly he will yet have to be excommunicated on account of his Anti-Slavery sentiments. (Laughter.) The next we shall hear perhaps will be that the church has taken steps, as she calls it, to his final excommunication, for he has forfeited his right to church membership and has assailed, on the showing of the church itself, one of its own institutions, one of the institutions of the Bible.

And it is not one of the institutions of the Bible in the opinion of the South alone: Prof. Stuart of Andover cites that very case of Onesimus in justification of the North in returning fugitive slaves to their masters. There is therefore no influence to-day like the influence of the church and the clergy which the Anti-Slavery cause has occasion to dread. Before its power politics is giving way, and unless Slavery shall find security and refuge beneath the pulpits of the land, its overthrow is sure. Against the pulpits then must our efforts be directed. The politics are yielding in every direction, and the church has thrown herself into the breach. Against the church therefore is our main warfare.

But I did not rise to consume so much time. These resolutions contain many sentiments to which speeches hours long might be made appropriately enough. But I have gone over this roaming train of thought without much regard to the resolutions. The religion of the land and the Constitution of these States, on the showing of that letter is connected with the Bible and Pro-Slavery. We are here as a company of traitors to the Union and the Constitution. The Abolitionists stand convicted before this audience of high treason against the laws and the Constitution of the land; and if we cannot show better reasons for our treason and revolution than ever Washington or Jefferson did, then let us be branded as traitors. But if we shall be able to show, as I know we shall, that where they had one reason for revolution we have thousands. Then let us be ranked with them as heroes, rather than condemned as traitors against the Government of our country. (Applause.)

Mr. Wendell Phillips. Mr. Chairman, I feel as much regret as my friend who has just taken his seat, at being obliged to address the audience that has assembled here, to listen to some discussion on the subject of American Slavery, and I would with him most gladly be excused from this duty to day. Indeed I suppose we should all be gladly excused from coming here year after year to lift up our voices, and record our protests against the Church and the State; against all that is sacred and holy in the estimation of the community in whose midst we live. No one can suppose that we are doing a work which is very pleasant to ourselves. He must be a madman who willingly sacrifices his good name, and his prospects of comfort and social respect, of ease, of literary enjoyment, of whatever his taste may dictate, to the sterner self-sacrificing duty of awaking the community to a sense of its duty. Now Mr. Chairman, without meaning to arrogate to ourselves any superior enlightment, or any superior virtue in our appeals to the mass of those that look upon our daily lives, it would be equally mad in us to pursue the course that we do, to organise the association to which we belong, to spend our lives in the labours to which we are devoted, if we did not think that we were possessed of a principle of vital importance to the well-being of the American people. We do not come to tickle your ears with an amusing tale, to startle you with vain words, to disgust you merely by strong expressions; we come not here from any motives of this sort. You must take our lives as the only evidence which we can give you of the sincerity of our convictions, and we must trust to the candid consideration of the audience, and the public before which we are constantly arraigned, for a consideration of the arguments upon which those convictions are based, appealing still to the verdict of posterity, to determine whether we are not after all in the right—whether, strange as our language, radical as our principles, startling as our position may be, that after all the absolute truth is not with us, and it is you are blinded by the errors of the day, by temporary delusion, by prejudice, by education,—by the interests of your position, by the glimmer that the magnificence of social prosperity, and a wide spread church organization have thrown over your eyes.

We are charged every year with introducing new tests into the Anti-Slavery agitation. Those who differ from us are constantly averring that they stand where the Anti-Slavery enterprise stood in its best and palmiest days, and that we are fanatical, and impracticable reformers who they care not to follow. On the contrary we affirm that when we laid down the principle that Slavery was a sin we adopted the line of conduct which we have pursued ever since; and we challenge the logic of the community to discuss, whether there is any point at which the Church or the State can stop short of our position whenever it is allowed that Slavery is a sin. The essential principle of the Anti-Slavery cause is, that Slavery is a sin; and in the full spirit of Christianity we have proclaimed that it is the duty, the immediate duty of the sinner to cease to sin. And when the promulgation of this principle had tested the moral state and character of the nation, when we found as we went lower down into the state of the national mind, that the ramifications of this apparently young sapling, Slavery, had spread into all the great institutions of society, and went to make up the national character itself—when we found, for instance, that one root was coiled rankly beneath the altar, and the other was the chord that bound this nation together, do not blame us if, with a fearlessness that evinces a sincere spirit, we proclaimed that Slavery is still a sin; and no matter how many shall run to do evil, no matter how broad and deeply rooted be the stakes and cords of this tent which you call a Church, if it be tainted with the leprosy of this iniquity, it is Ichabod, and we write upon it "thy glory is departed." You cannot cover it with the garb of religion, for through all, like the leprosy breaking through the surface, come up the spots of this contamination. Now do not blame us if in each succeeding year, true to our conviction, true to the message which God has given to us, we have gone about like the man in the classic fable with the lantern of this truth and made its light to glimmer into the darkest corners of society, and have proclaimed with grief, but in tones that are natural to the most distinct conviction, that this, that and the other institution of society are false. Do not blame us that we attack, for instance, the Church of the United States. It is at any rate a pardonable error if we overrate its influence.

There is a dispute between the Abolitionist and the church member as to whether the Church be pro-slavery or not. My friend who preceded me laid before you a portion of the evidence which goes to prove that the Church of America in one section at least, if not in several, is tainted with the corruption of supporting Slavery. There is a readier way to deal with the argument than that. The American Church is no puny dwarf that can creep between the mighty legs of the political Collossus and not be seen in its pathway. It is not a dilapidated institution like the kernel of the last year's nut, too little for the magnificent department in which it dwells. The American Church is not a shrunken and shrivelled creature; she is mighty in the hold which she still has upon the national heart. She is mighty in the genius with which she presides at the fountain head of national education. She is mighty in the impression which she stamps upon the national literature. She is mighty in the direction which she gives to American politics. A politician cannot soar high enough to get beyond the atmosphere of the religious sentiments of the country to which he belongs; like an eagle with clipped wings, he flutters wild, trying to be the statesman of eternal truth, but sinks to the earth of American religion, robbed of all his innate power, and his perception of ascribed right by the tainted atmosphere of that earth which from childhood he has been compelled to breathe. (Applause.)

Now we recognize this influence of the American Church, and we reason thus: When she moves it will not be for us to place an ear-trumpet and hearken to her steps; it will not be necessary for us to whisper softly, lest her accents be lost upon our ears. You will pardon me for giving an illustration borrowed from a poet of our own city, Wendell Holmes. He says there was a time when the whole earth agreed to make the greatest noise possible. Chronometers were spread over the surface of the globe, and every man was at the appointed moment to cry *boo!* Well, the time came; the moment struck on the clock of every country, when lo! every body was so absorbed in listening to hear the noise that should be made, that nobody cried boo, but one blind man. Now when the American Church speaks, it will not be an isolated, peeping and muttering cry. The moment any man tells you that it is a matter of dispute what the American Church is doing, conclude beyond all hazard of mistake that she is doing nothing; for she never does anything in a corner. When she moves, her stride shakes the solid earth of these United States. When she speaks, her voice harmonizes every conflicting element in the public mind. When she utters her tones it is the key-note to the music of every national voice; and whenever she shall rise to do her duty toward the slave, this little, however powerful National Anti-Slavery organization will be whirled into nothingness by the magnificent sweep of her very garment. (Applause.) When a man tells me, therefore, that it is a matter of discussion betwixt the Abolitionist and the church member, what this wide spread organization, extending from Maine to Georgia, and from the Chesapeake to the frontier of the West is doing, I tell you it is evidence to me that she is doing nothing; for the Church is so dominant and so universal, that what she does efficiently, and with her heart, can never be matter of debate. I know therefore that the church is doing nothing, because she has left us room to act. If it were not so she would have filled up this platform with her influential men, so that there would have been no room for people like us to be heard. Infidelity could not peep, nor mutter, for these porches would be filled with the voice of American religion. Now, therefore, when we come out from our hiding holes with little men and women full of Anti-Slavery ideas, and find the pathway of this great moral reform, like the narrow way that leads up to the abodes of everlasting blessedness, with here and there a traveller only, we conclude that the Church has taken some other path, no matter what it is. (Applause.) Now it is for this reason that we attack the American Church.

My friend read to you from a Southern newspaper a passage in which the writer undertook to try Mr. Clay and the Domestic Institution by the Scriptures. He said it took a clergyman to write that article. Perhaps it did, but I know a civilian that went beyond that—far beyond it. An innocent, simple-minded colporteur of the American Bible Society, in New Orleans, forgetting the sublime compromises of American morality, forgetting that there were certain points to which, according to Dr. Nehemiah Adams of Boston, the golden rule itself must be subservient, undertook to give a Bible to a coloured man. He had read in the book that he was to give it to all nations of the earth; he had heard of its being given to the coloured man on the banks of the Ganges; he knew it had been translated into the dialect of the Cape of Good Hope; he knew of its being distributed very liberally over the Eastern and Western climes, and he supposed there could be no danger in giving it to one who was born on American soil, who boasted even of American blood, and who was only a coloured man. The fellow never found out his error until he was arraigned before the municipal Court of New Orleans, and he pleaded the mistake of ignorance. Poor man! he did not know what an American's duty was; he fondly imagined that duty knew no clime. But he found that there was a longitudinal and a latitudinal duty—that duty North and duty South, duty at Liverpool, and duty at New Orleans, were very distinct matters. Well, the judge, in giving his decision upon the question, and in dismissing the poor man, added: "you will find, my friend, if it ever comes to the issue, that there are Domestic Institutions here which we value more than the Gospel!"

Now you will say to me, perhaps, that this was an exaggerated statement, and I ought not to take it as any

I have deviated, however, from the line of remark with which I commenced, to notice that a politician can do as much as a clergyman.

We attack the church because we have found it thus leagued with American Slavery; and so it is with the State. We are charged with exaggeration and fanaticism. No; we are only practical men, and make use of practical means. To our minds, the great mass of the public need not be addressed in the severity of logic. They will not stay to understand it. The Bible preaches truth so plain that "he that runneth may read." We would preach it also: we would not descend, except to those who need it, into all the strictness of argument. We intend to live Anti-Slavery, that the people, by an example of Anti-Slavery life may be convinced that there is truth, and be disposed to inquire into it and practice upon it. We are convinced of the falseness of the political life of this country, and we will not condescend to argue that a man is a man. It is not necessary to argue it; it is granted; it is an axiom—too plain to be made plainer.

But there is a way to practice our sentiments, where the multitude are addressed through the eyes, not through the ears. The Anti-Slavery cause undertakes so to address them. For example, the public here at the North denies that the coloured man is the equal of the white, it affects to doubt whether he is capable and therefore entitled to of freedom. It affects to doubt whether he can speak and reason, or guide and conduct his own affairs. Well, the Abolitionist disdains to go into an argument with the community, whether a man is a monkey, andthis Society says, so wide as its little bosom extends, here is a shelter for the coloured man and for the slave, no matter what be the institutions that degrade him God made those institutions, did He! Man made them all. It therefore tramples them beneath its feet for the sake of the slave, for God made him. (Applause.) It opens therefore its arms to the fugitive slave, and to the free coloured man and says, "come out before this people," and Frederick Douglass starts into being, the proof that the coloured man can speak and reason, can guide and take care of himself. And have we not proof better than all argument by trampling under foot the prejudices of the American people, by trampling under foot the laws of the c mmunity in which we live? Have we not proof better than by ages of argument that the coloured race in competent to take care of itself, when we have opened an avenue through which they are able to reach the Northern mind, to appear before the Northern people and arraign their oppressors to answer the charges of their own wrongs?

Now our plan of reform is this: We would not seek to disguise the truth neither in its length nor breadth; but, fellow citizens, we intend to trample under foot the laws of this community, and we call upon you to do likewise. We confess that we intend to trample under foot the Constitution of this country; we call upon you to do likewise. Shall I tell you why? You can never make a revolution in this matter until you make the common sense and the consciences of the people superior to their statute book; until you arraign against the despotism of the majority the conscientious convictions of the mass of the minority, whatever it be. Our Society rests like a pyramid on its broadest basis. In the old world conflicting classes are jostling and clashing against each other like mighty vessels in a storm. And there perhaps you may strike out in the condition of that body a new form of things, a new national spirit, for a night if not in permanency. But here it is far otherwise. Here the national will speaks and is obeyed; through the ballot box, through the newspaper, through the supremacy of the majority, the nationalwill is dominant; the majority rules and revolution is impossible, because the moment the tide reaches high enough for a revolution to be possible it ceases to be a revolution and becomes law. There is no way of addressing this majority, then, except by an appeal against the statute to the consciences of the people—by an appeal against the law to the better principles of those that see its faults.

For example: There is a law on the statute book that bids you return the fugitive slave to his master. Every man feels it to be wrong, and shrinks from carrying it into execution. Still that devil of the American character—if there is no other,—compromise,—that devil to which has been sacrificed the morality, the logic, the literature and the intellect of the American people, obstructs our way. An American is one who never dares to be logical, but turns a short corner the moment his logic encounters this compromise, which he looks up to as his star in the firmament. Now we must address such a people, fixed in their worship of a false religion and of adherence to a corrupt Constitution, and how shall it be done? We will say to the slave, "Our doors are open to you; this law is nothing to us; we will never obey it; we will appeal to the people by the voice of remonstrance. Yea, we will appeal by more distinct protest than that; we will appeal by the voice of disobedience, risking its consequences." For example: there was Thomas Garrett, of Delaware. He sheltered a family of fugitive slaves; he gave themlodging and food. He is pursued by the slave-hunter, taken before a court, his goods are sold, and he is penniless in a day. What will that community say to such an example? Do you suppose they can be dead to it? Do you suppose that appeal can be lost? When that noble man stood at his own door and the last article was sold and put into the hands of the hunter who claimed the fugitive, the insolent usurper of other men's rights, and other men's property, turned to the obedient child of God's higher law and said to him, "Now, Garrett, I hope you have found what it is to protect fugitives, and that you will be found no more at that business!" The old man turned to the sheriff who had just knocked off at public auction his last chattel and said, "Friend, if you know of any one who needs shelter to night send him to me." (Great Applause.)

That is old organized Anti-Slavery living. (Applause.) Do you suppose that man's example is bounded by the little State of Delaware? Never! It is the leaven of a better life thrown into a corrupt mass of American conduct, and like the seed planted in good soil, it cannot but bear good fruit. Now we mean in this way to trample under foot every law, every Constitution, no matter how sacred, that bids us do wrong. The Abolitionist plants himself on his individual conviction. Is there any higher rule of conduct? He says:

> "—Better rot beneath the sod,
> Than be true to Constitutions, by being false to God."

Can there be any better rule of conduct? Is it fanaticism? Then welcome fanaticism! be it my portion! Is it infidelity? Welcome then, infidelity! it is the only leaven that will ever reform the world.

You talk of the chivalry of the southern character. It is froth and nothing else. What we seek to marshall against it is the cold sense of Puritan duty, (applause,) the spirit of that religion which planted these Northern States. Do not call them free States; there are no free States; it is an artificial distinction. Free States! why, I see behind me a man to whom you could not give a meal nor a lodging, if an inhabitant of St. Louis stood at your door, except at the risk of fine and imprisonment. Beautiful freedom! The other day in Boston a man touched me on the shoulder and said, "I have just seen a slave who has been sent on in a box by express;" and he is sheltered in a country town in Massachusetts. I left home and went on my way, and entered the Anti-Slavery office; there sat a man who had been over sixty days incarcerated in the run of an American schooner, where he could not sit upright; but when he planted his stiffened limbs on the soil of the North, he rejoiced even in the qualified liberty that he had reached. Well, I turned round and there sat a woman with a complexion as white as that of any individual in this room. She was a fugitive from Richmond. I went outside of the door and there were Ellen and William Crafts, fugitives in disguise along the highways of the United States—fugitives from whom? From you the ministers, from you the citizens, and church members of the American Republic!

Let us gaze up into this heaven and take the moral bearings, and see whether we are in New York, or whether Algiers be the neighbourhood in which we find ourselves to-day. Where is it thatone race skulks along the highways from the vengeance of the other? Is it in a free land? Where is it that the degraded and imbruted slave, if he lifts his eyes upward, finds in every white man an enemy? Is it in a Christian Republic? I deny it. Why, we used to read, when we were children, from the penny books about those who were taken by the Arabs, and how many fled by night and hid themselves here and escaped there. "Physician, heal thyself;" for you can find in every street of Boston, and in many a house in New Bedford, a man or a woman that can testify that they have fled from the American people—republican, civilized, moral, Christian American people. Now we judge a country by its fruits. Therefore we say this is not New York; it is Algiers! Let the slave be able to show himself here trusting to the laws, not to the humanity of the country—trusting to the legal protection of the land, not to the disobedience of the laws, and what is his fate? What does Wm. W. Brown trust to when he stands before you? Daniel Webster says you are a law abiding people—that the glory of New England is, that it is a law-abiding community. Shame on it if this be true; if even the religion of New England sinks as low as its statute book. But I say we are not a law-abiding community; God be thanked for it. Proclaim the fact in the face of the statute book that however illegal it is, there are houses in which fugitive slaves can be sheltered, though the arm of the President himself should be put forth to require obedience. (Applause.) When God takes account of this people, to make up his jewels, where do you suppose he will find faith on the earth? In that man who trimmed his conscience so nicely that he could not be his own, or in the man who opened his bosom to the voice of God's own teachings, and forgot the statute book of his country?

The Whig party has set itself up as the opponent of the slaveocracy. What has it done? The Democratic party has endeavoured to proclaim itself as the opponent of the slave power, What has it done? The Liberty party did once live, or had a name to live, but is dead; that also proclaimed itself against the slaveocracy. What did it do but die? The Free Soil party proclaims itself the opponent of the slave power. What can it do? I will tell you the history of the Whig, Democratic, Free Soil and Liberty parties for the last two or three years. You may read it in a single sentiment of a French novel. "Despotism does great things illegally, but liberty does nothing according to law." Yes, each party found itself within the grappling circle of American legality, and did nothing, because it must act according to law. Why, when Napoleon gathered his forces and passing into Germany scattered our armies like chaff, what did the Germans say? "He ought never to have conquered; it was wholly contrary to rule. To be sure we were beaten, but it was no sort of consequence, for he gained the victory in defiance of all the rules of art." The Anti-Slavery cause endeavours to gain victories on the Napoleon principle, without regard to the rules of art or the laws of men. It proclaims its right in the fulness of a whole idea. It is like the man on the prairie, who, seeing the fire behind him and gaining upon him, sets fire in front, and then lets flame fight flame, in order to clear a space for him to live. Now against the politics and so-called religion of the North the Anti-Slavery organization intends and endeavours to marshall a whole-souled, enthusiastic, fanatical submission and devotion to Liberty. If she shall succeed in doing it the country is safe; but if she shall not do it, where is the hope of American liberty?

What says Joshua R. Giddings—a man never to be mentioned without respect (applause). I cannot give a better illustration of the state of the political thermometer, to show the highest, degree it has ever reached, higher even than with John Q. Adams, higher than with the best who have plunged into the mighty straits of politics. Said Mr. Giddings last February, "We are charged, Mr. Speaker, with being, in Ohio, regardless of our constitutional agreements; we are charged with being breakers of the Constitution of the United States. I deny the charge." He denies that the Anti-Slavery of that State means to break that Constitution which Calhoun loves. What concord can there be between Christ and Belial?

But he goes on: "When a fugitive slave comes from Carolina to Ohio, we know our duty; we will not screen or defend him. I know of no men in Ohio that mean to screen or defend the fugitive slave." What does Giddings mean? Does he mean that if he sees a fugitive slave on the way, and his master is not near he will give him a crust of bread? But suppose he hears the stride of his master behind him; suppose the pursuer is on his track; suppose he is in immediate danger of capture, what says the Free Soil of Ohio? what says the Liberty party of Ohio? "Go thy way; between me and thee cometh the mighty American Constitution. It sunders the Siamese-twin bond which God places betwixt your heart and mine. When I go up to judgment and God calls me to account for having withdrawn from my brother's side at the moment when he needed my help, I may cover my guilt all over with parchment written with the names of Washington, and Hancock, and Jefferson. I will take refuge in the politics of America, I will screen myself behind this political organization, and so I will shelter my immortal soul from the All-reading eye of its Maker." Think you so? That is not my Anti-Slavery (Applause).

What I quote from Mr. Giddings is in his own words from his own speech in Congress. If it is not correct let me take it back. If he means to disobey the Constitution, why does he go to Washington and swear to support it? If it is not his sentiment, what is? I believe what he says, and have a right to believe him when I see him lifting up that right hand of his, and swearing that he will not protect the fugitive when he escapes to the North. I blame him not; I believe him to be intending to do the duty which he said he would do. No, Joshua R. Giddings does not desire an excuse. He means to gain influence—to bargain with the devil for so much influence, so much of his soul. It is right philosophy for aught I know. If you wish to keep the people banded with you, you must have one eye over your shoulder to see how many are following you. But if you are true to your conviction and look right onward, you will find your back uncomfortably cold, for nobody will be behind you. O, if there could only be some moral magnet that could draw out the iron filings and leave the rust and dust of this community, we should at least have a Constitution drawing the lines so that we could know who was for God and the slave.

You complain that we are constantly harping on the Church and Constitution. It is simply to make men choose sides. The battle is won when the lines are marked out—when the power that now makes them blend shall array the North on the side of the principles which it professes to believe, and slaveholders on the opposite side and nobody else. The moment that little front is seen, the moment the wide-spread black gowns, the doctors of divinity have lent their influence, it is gained. The moment the political and social influences of the great men of the land is taken from the support of Slavery, that moment the advancing spirit of the American people, without any spasmodic motion, without lifting an arm, will tread down, in its onward progress, the feeble minority who are really interested in the permanence of the institution, for that minority is a very small one. But the only difficulty in the way is, that when we announce the principle, nobody will profess it except on their lips and not in their lives. Now we do not care for words, we want deeds. If Giddings means that in the defiance of law he will protect the slave, why does not he say so? He has said everything else; he has started the echoes of the Capitol with his terrible denunciations. He has said that the slave has a right to rise. He has said that no sentiment of his nature would be shocked when he heard that the slave had risen (Applause). Thank him for everything he has said, and would to God that he would go a step farther and tear asunder the parchment bond that keeps his really true soul from being a guide to the people. Let him say, "I trample under foot your Constitution and Laws, for I will obey the law of God which is contrary to them." When he will say that there is no danger in bad men—there is no danger in the Calhouns of the South.

There is no danger in decided men; there is no danger in fanatical men. They are honest John Bull fellows asserting their original right to grumble, and it is a glorious right. (Laughter and applause.) But I will tell you where the danger is.

There was a carricature about two years ago in Paris that was intended to represent Louis Phillipe, and it did it most truthfully. It was a man in king's garments, with his whiskers and his stock, and everything arranged exactly as he dressed. A large *chapeau bras*, such as he sometimes wore, rested not upon his head but upon his neck; there were no brains. Underneath the picture was written *juste milieu*, "the moderate man." Now that is just the character of the moderate man of the American political world, it is just the character of the man that means to "cheat the devil" as old Dr. Beecher says. He is going to reform the world with cologne water, he is going to do it so cunningly that nobody will know it until they wake up next morning and find Slavery is gone. He would not offend anybody—there is no doubt of it. Only select the smoothest side of a Northern pine board—only select the soft words of the dictionary, and you can carry all before you, and so you gain everything. Daniel Webster speaks so softly that the world does not hear him. There are other men who are speaking so dubiously that the world is disputing as to exactly where they stand. Moderate men are the men that win all sorts of people to them, who think that such a one is a very good man, certainly, and so they pin their faith to his sleeve. Bless God, there have been fanatics in the world, through whose agency the moderate men have been sometimes called forth to be moderate men no longer. There was John Q. Adams; he would have been a moderate man to the day of his death if we had not provoked the South into gagging him. They tried to smother the old man, and he rose up and was a moderate man no longer. There was a point at which patience ceased to be a virtue, and he found it, and so he became the glorious old man that he was for the last ten years. And he had that beautiful eulogy pronounced by two Southerners, and two Northerners, in which they undertook to perform the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out—omitted by request. They stated the exact date when he went to Russia, also when he was President, when he went to Quincy, when he came back, but they entirely forget to mention when they tried to censure him and when he made that speech against being censured; they forgot his Anti-Slavery character—the part of Hamlet,—but they made a beautiful eulogy.

But the Anti-Slavery cause has prospered gloriously; it has attacked and pulled down the princes of the land, made their reputation of no account if directed against it. There was Henry Clay the pet of the American people, set himself against the Anti-Slavery spirit of the age and he was nothingness. On the other hand there was John Q. Adams the calumniated of all parties, the exile sent to Coventry, the old man of Branton whom the little puppy curs of Congress could not with impunity insult, who followed him in sorrow to his grave; for he had spoken one true word before he died! (Applause.) It was an Anti-Slavery reputation that blotted out all his past life and made him what he was.

Yes, these principles of ours that you charge with being so fanatical, have done a mighty good. They have forced politicians into something like good conduct, they have at least persuaded the political world to try to do something better in time to come. Calhoun has changed his tone; already has the bullying thunder of South Carolina ceased to roll across the land, and Calhoun begins to discuss. Let us only go on with the same principles as those with which we begun, appealing not to the Constitution and the law, but to the popular sentiment of the country, and exemplifying our principles in our lives, disregarding the cry of infidel, disregarding the question whether we have put back the cause of Emancipation or not and our cause will continue to prosper gloriously. Why, my friend who preceded me said that we are charged with putting back the cause of Emancipation. What of that! That we are charged with putting back the cause of Abolition? What of that! We were not sent here to be Abolitionists, such as he described the young men and women who were sent here to be Presbyterians; not at all. We were sent here to do our duty; God will take care of the consequences. And if the performance of our duty puts back the car of Emancipation the consequence rests upon that infinite Redeemer who made duty the highest and only law, and he will settle its consequences for us without regard to our acts. So long as the American parties put Union first and Liberty second, there never can be Liberty. The moment you begin to halt between Freedom and that piece of machinery, the Union, the hope of accomplishment has gone from your hands, and you have sacrificed your hold on the public heart. You are appealing to, and holding on to nothing but superficial associations, partialities of your day, and you never can be successful.

That is the error of American politics. We have forced the Democratic party out of the field, the original ally of the slave power. We have sent the Whigs into an alliance with Southern slaveholders: it is a natural alliance. It is the Lords of the Lash and the Lords of the Loom associated. (Applause and hisses.) It is the capital of the country and the conservatism of the country against the IDEAS of the country; for the Democratic party has always represented, tho' very imperfectly, the idea of American liberty and American progress. We have drawn the lines, the struggle is commenced, and we shall probably live to see itsissue. But no matter whether we do or do not, this much we know, that when a man puts himself against principle it is a struggle, like that of the angel with Jacob; it may last an age or a night, but the man is sure to be vanquished.

The South did not annex Texas; she could not do it; she has no power; the slave power is not synonymous with the Southern slaveholders; the slave power resides in Ohio, Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania; in a corrupt sentiment, in a tainted Church, in a prostituted literature; in the school houses of the free States: there lies the slave power. The South, bankrupt, poverty-stricken, weak, trembling like an aspen leaf—she annex Texas! She talk about annexing Cuba! Let her stand alone. I should like to see her get up and separate herself from her Northern crutches, and stand on her own legs. The civilization of the South! Let it save itself for an hour from the gulf of its own barbarism in three millions of slaves; then I will believe it; but till then, it is you that I address, you the slaveholders and the slave power of America. It is Giddings who, when he swears to support the Constitution, professes to go out from Ohio to represent the interest of the slave. He is the slave power: it is his name and influence that is its tower of strength. The slave asks no better fate than to be placed for one moment on a fair field in the presence of the white man, in his own country, and left to himself, and he will decide the question beyond the reach of argument or of words. No, it is ourselves that are the slave power, in our breasts it rests so long as we belong to this Government, so long as we link ourselves with this religious sentiment, so long do we throw into the scale of the slaveholder a character, and life, and enterprise, and energy.—Let a line-of-battle ship be sent out from South Carolina into a foreign port, and let her be the representative of nothing but the slaveholding minority of that State, and see how much her cannons are worth, and how much respect she gains. It is not her thunder that startles the Old World; it is the voice of Massachusetts, Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania, when they link in with one consent with the slaveholders of the South. It is their character that makes slaveholding possible. That is the guilt of the American Constitution; that is the guilt of the American Union, that it makes it possible for Calhoun to be a villain. If Giddings, if Webster, if Clay even, had not formally pledged their world-wide reputation, there could be no hope of the slaveholders and their Southern vassals existing in the the civilized world.

The South is a minus quantity; it is an incubus; nay, it is more; it is a disease.

Somebody in reckoning the strength of the Spanish monarchy put down the Lowlands and Netherlands as a minus quantity to be substracted: it diminished rather than increased the strength of the empire. So it may be said of the South. We have in this country to overlap, to shield her, to sustain her character in order to recover herself; and the capital of the nation is expended in scrubbing up the escutcheon of South Carolina to make it decent (Loud applause.)

The Abolitionist operates against the Union for this very purpose. Our object is to draw the line. I repeat it; it is only to make this seem, small or great, so that the Southerner can have no alternative but to stand alone. Let him stand alone in the face of the world. Do not let him call the North to share with him the ignominy; do not let him call the northerner his slaveholding accomplice. That is all Abolitionism asks. Does it ask too much of the republicanism of this Union?

I will, in conclusion, ask of you one thing, then say whether we are unjust. It is this: The Christianity of the old world, what there is of it, helps the masses; the Christianity of the Old World, like that in the days of the Apostles, is going about upsetting all things. Europe is tora to pieces by the conflict of class with class in the struggle for equality. The spirit of the Nineteenth Century is walking abroad abusing the proud and succouring the rights of the humble. The spirit of the Nineteenth Century is dragging up into the sun-light of God's blessing these unseen classes, of whose existence the world has been so long ignorant. Well, we turn from the glad sight of European renovation, from the glad sight of Catholic vitality, backward, and gaze on the Protestantism of the United States. We only ask, will Protestantism be as good? will she do for one-sixth part of the people among us what Christianity is doing on the other side of the ocean for the lower classes? We only ask her to gaze on that national banner clinging to its flag staff, heavy with blood, and clean it from its pollution. We only ask for this Christianity that presumes to know the consistent reformer of Judea, that it will be the van guard of humanity; that it will be also the pioneer in everything good; that it will permit no aspiration of the human heart to out, run it; that it will permit no figure of the human imagination to paint so beautiful a picture that Christianity will not at least endeavour to realize it. Beautiful idea, says the clergyman, but impracticable; beautiful theory, but you cannot carry it into life. God never permitted us to frame a theory too beautiful for his power to make practicable. (Applause.) He never permitted us to fancy anything more gorgeous than he could create into being; and I believe that in the noble influences which he has given us, and which we call religion, in that beautiful book which has come down to us and into which he breathed the breath of life, I believe there is something more transcendentally beautiful than the most beautiful imagination ever dreamed, or the wildest fanaticism for liberty ever fancied. I believe too, that religion properly interpreted, means something so high that our noblest aspirations never reached it; whereas, American religion is something in which, when we come to carry out the dreams of a fruitful and vital sympathy, we have to look back into the twilight of distance to see whether she will condescend to follow us into the *dreamy regions*, as she terms it *of merely human benevolence*. Now this is not religion, and we do not believe in it; but we mean to indict the Church and the State till we make the religion we believe in possible: with Leggett, we believe there was nothing, however right, that could not be reduced to practice; and God willing, we will reduce it to practice. (Applause.) We may die in the attempt, but we shall plant the seed in your minds, and what one man thinks, another shall say and a third man shall execute. Now distribute this truth by the way side, in your own conversation, in your preaching, everywhere, spread it broadcast in faith. You may die without seeing the white harvest, but no matter for that, your children will reap it, your grand children if not before, will witness the realization of these hopes of ours, and the fugitive slave, when he comes to Massachusetts, will not have to appeal to the humanity of New England; he will stand erect on the soil of the pilgrims, and proclaim his liberty by law. Until that is done, the Anti-Slavery work is never finished: until that is accomplished, until this hold of the tyrant is broken, until New York and Massachusetts are made to break away from their sister States, and sweep away into an orbit of their own, circling round the magnificent principle of American progress for their central sun, acknowledging no distinction of race, welcoming every man to their soil, proclaiming that when they cease to protect the rights of their citizens they cease to be a Government—till they can do that, there is no safety for the slave, there is no end to pro-Slavery aggression, there is no end to Anti-Slavery war. Accomplish that, no matter what it costs. Fear not what goes down in the struggle: nothing of good will go down. If the Church is divine it will tower like the rock, spite of its pro-Slavery character. (Applause.) If the State is divine, it will survive, whatever effort is made to prevail against it; if it is an organization of hell then it never can survive the onset of truth and of right. Nothing that God ever touched or baptized can yield to men's attack. Whenever you attack an institution which our fathers acted upon, if it is of God it will live, but if it dies it is not of God, and far better is it to be rid of it. Whether that be the American Church or State, I shall fold my arms in confidence, knowing that whatever sincere convictions God has planted in my heart, whatever, with a good motive, he has allowed me to do, whatever truth he has given me to proclaim, it can do no harm in his universe; for, when He, in his imputed wisdom marked out the lines of truth and duty, He saw that the right should be always expedient, and that nothing good should ever suffer from the influence of the efforts of a good man. (Great applause.)

MR. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.—I am not surprised at the good sense of the friends who are leaving the house after the impression left upon their minds by the speech of my friend Phillips. It discloses an amazing amount of good taste thus to leave, for I am sure that nothing will escape my lips during the few moments that I am to address you that can add aught to the impression already made; and but that I have been announced, and my friends would not excuse me from speaking, I should have united with the first man and left the house upon the conclusion of the able and eloquent speech which you have just heard.

I suppose that meetings of this description will continue to be necessary as long as Slavery continues to exist. While it exists in our country its moral influence will continue to make it necessary for the advocates of Slavery to hold up the mirror before the Union, that it may see the real state of its morals. We have had here this morning an appalling picture of the low state of American morals and American religion, with respect to American Slavery. I do not know that I can make that state of morals look more dark, more appalling and disgusting than it has already been made to appear. But I think I see it in a grosser and darker and more polluted state than either of those who have addressed you; and this fact is owing, not to my keener perception or my keener sensibilities, but to the fact that I am one of those who are continually exposed to the action of the low and demoralizing pro-slavery sentiments of this country. I am one of those who have not only smarted under the lash of the Southern tyrant; but I am continually smarting under the indignities, and insults, and outrages heaped upon the free, or nominally free, coloured people in the North. Placed in such circumstances, I may be expected to see and to feel the state of American morals, American law, and American religion to be more revolting, more disgusting, and more in violation of the rights of man than others, may ever be expected to feel it.

In the few remarks that I am to make I will call your attention to the state of American morals and religion, as illustrated in the character of our nation's great men. It was said by a wise man long ago, whose name I do not now remember, but whose saying I shall never forget, that no nation has yet been found better than its laws. That was the sentiment, though not the exact language. It may as well be added also, that no nation has yet produced a higher standard of morality than that embodied in the character of its great men. The stream cannot rise higher than its source. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Within the character of the representation may be also seen reflected the true character of the constituency. The American people may be as accurately measured by the character of her great men, as the degree of the temperature may be determined by the face of the thermometer. Our great men I believe to be the fairest illustration of our real moral state. Now what are our great men? How have they distinguished themselves? In what respect do they command the admiration and regard of the American people? In a truly Christian community that man alone will be the most popular who is engaged in works of benevolence, and is foremost in improving and elevating mankind around him. In a community of peace-lovers, that man only will be popular who is found engaged in peaceable pursuits, and spreading the blessings of peace around him. In a community where men love freedom, that man only will be popular who is sacredly and continually engaged in shedding the blessings of freedom upon mankind around him. Are we such a people? Let Zachary Taylor answer. For in what respect has he distinguished himself? By what means has he brought around him a train of circumstances which have carried him to the highest seat in the gift of the nation. He is not a peace man; he is not a man who is in favour of freedom. For the great and only thing which he has ever done that has made him popular in the estimation of the people has been, that he was the successful instrument in the hands of this blood-thirsty government in carrying on war for no higher and better purpose than to establish Slavery where it had been before abolished, and that by a semi-civilized nation. It is this worst element in the character of the American people that is uppermost. It was said that Gen. Taylor was the only man in America that could be President of the United States. The man who said it, the party which believed it and adopted the idea, showed their sagacity, showed their keen appreciation of the moral sense of this nation. They knew that all the pretension of the people of this country concerning their love of freedom, their love of God, their love of humanity, and their love of just rulers, meant nothing whatever. They knew that the pulpit and the church of this country was ready to be swayed in support of any man, no matter how base, no matter how diabolical the record of his deeds; and they judged rightly, as the result has shown.

But nothing has convinced me more of the low ebb to which American morals has been brought by the influence of Slavery than the manner in which Henry Clay's recent letter on the subject of Slavery has been received at the North. If the audience will bear with me a few moments I wish to allude to that. We have heard how that letter has been regarded at the south; we have seen from the extracts from a Southern Clergyman's Review of it which have been read here this morning; that it is not quite pro-slavery enough among the religious community of the South. We also see that here at the north, that letter, craftily written, cunningly devised, and full of the most detestable sentiments, has been received with the loudest possible praise.

At this point, observing that many were leaving the house, Mr. Douglass said he preferred that the audience should retire in good spirits, and that their patience should not be taxed to such an extent as to destroy their keen appetite for the subsequent meetings which were to be held; he thought it therefore the dictate of wisdom to take his seat, and at some subsequent meeting he would express himself more fully with regard to the letter of Henry Clay and other matters connected with the subject. He thanked the audience for their patient hearing at the late hour of the meeting, and took his seat.

The meeting then adjourned.

THE BUSINESS MEETINGS.

According to adjournment, the Society met on Tuesday afternoon, 3 o'clock, at the MINERVA ROOMS, 406 Broadway; and the Chair was taken by the President, MR. GARRISON.

On motion, Samuel May, jr. of Leicester, Mass., and W. C. Nell, of Rochester, N. Y., were chosen Assistant Secretaries.

The following were elected a Committee to report a nomination of officers of the Society for the ensuing year, viz: Edmund Quincy, of Massachusetts; Edward M. Davis, of Pennsylvania; P. Pillsbury, of New Hampshire; S. May, jr., of Massachusetts; Samuel Brooke, of Ohio; Alfred G. Campbell, of New Jersey; and Lucretia Mott, of Pa.

Samuel Brooke, J. M. McKim, and Wm. W. Brown were elected a Finance Committee.

On motion of Wendell Phillips of Boston, the following persons were nominated at large, and afterwards accepted by the Society, as a Committee of Conference on the state and prospects of the cause:

W. Phillips, S. S. Foster, C. M. Burleigh, P. Pillsbury, Nicholas Hallock, F. Douglass, J. M. McKim, Edmund Jackson, Francis Jackson, George Doughty, Edward M. Davis, Lucretia Mott, John Ketchum, Abby Kelley Foster, W. W. Brown, Coates Preston, Henry Willetts, Lucy Stone, S. H. Gay, Samuel Brooke, W. L. Garrison, Elias Smith, C. L. Remond, W. C. Nell, A. G. Campbell, Lydia Mott, Amy Post, Edmund Quincy, Samuel May, jr.

S. BROOKE, from a Committee appointed two years since, made a report recommending to the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society a more perfect system of coöperation for the purpose of carrying the Anti-Slavery agitation forward to its final triumph.

Voted, That the Report be referred to the Committee of Conference.

The President read the Resolutions before the Society, as presented at the Tabernacle in the morning, and said that the discussion of them was now in order, and invited all to speak who felt inclined, and were prepared to do so with courteousness.

WILLIAM W. BROWN, once a slave in Missouri, first addressed the meeting, showing how numerous and how barefaced the aggressions of the Slave Power had become during the past year, and, also, what progress and what success had attended the labours of the Abolitionists.

PARKER PILLSBURY, of New Hampshire, next addressed the Society in a few impressive and stirring remarks.

MR. HAYDOCK, of Hudson, who announced himself as the "ex-wood-sawyer of Hudson," addressed the Chair. He made a humourous and forcible speech, of which the Secretaries can give but a very imperfect sketch. He said: I am, Sir, a young convert, made so only a year since, and then by one of those slaveholding priests that we have been told of to-day. I was going up the Hudson, sir, and on board the boat with me were several men from the South wearing other men's coats on their backs; one of them who was a preacher and who seemed the chief spokesman of the party, was denouncing the North for interfering with Southern rights; the Northern Abolitionists, said he, even go so far as to condemn the *Christian* slaveholder. What, sir, said I to him, did you say? did you speak of a Christain slaveholder? I did, said he. Sir, said I, I'd as soon take a voyage round the world to find a moral *devil*; and if the whole of you, I said, don't go to the devil, there's no use of one! Mr. President, I'm an uneducated man, and I hope you'll pardon me if I speak truth, rather than grammar. I have been an out-and-out Locofoco, voting for whatever measure, and for whatever candidate, the party put up. I have voted for slaveholders, because I did'nt stop to think about it. The name of *Democracy* had a magic for my ear, and, without stopping to look into the nature of their doings, I thought it my duty to uphold the Democratic party. But I have learned better now; I have learned to regard every man, however suffering and however degraded, whatever his condition or his colour, as my brother, and I will vote no more for his oppressor. Sir, I have been in another bondage—in a legalized bondage to intemperance; but I shook off that vile bondage, and I now stand to shake off other chains Let all unite to wipe out those two blots, *licensed rum-selling and American Slavery*. I heard something said, sir, in your meeting this morning, about "trampling upon the Constitution," which I did not fully understand; I am for changing what is bad in the Constitution. I conclude with saying that whatever be my future lot in life, even though I die in the poor house, I trust I will die a sober man, contending for liberty. I thank you all for your attention, and say, I'm on hand against Slavery and Rum. [Loud and emphatic cheers during the speech and at its close.]

LUCRETIA MOTT, of Philadelphia, hoped we should not rely, for the interest of these meetings, upon our agents and our habitual speakers, but that every one present, like our friend who had just sat down, would speak "as the spirit gave him utterance." We need, she continued, that our confidence in the might of Truth should be enlarged and strengthened. Much had been said to-day of the tremendous power of the Church and the Government in obstructing the Anti-Slavery work; and yet, as was said of old, "wine is strong, and woman is strong, but truth is stronger than all;" so would she now say;—the Constitution is strong, and the Church is strong, but the Truth is stronger than both; it is omnipotent, and it will triumph yet.

Many now are glorying in the Church, and exulting in her strength, her majesty, and her fair proportions, and they proudly say of her, as some did to Jesus of the temple: Master see what goodly stones and what buildings are here! But there is a Jesus now, there is a well-beloved Son of God in the present age, who says to the self-deluded admirers, "I tell you there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down"! Mrs. M. went on to enumerate the successive points gained in the Anti-Slavery contest, Emancipation at home in numerous cases, full Emancipation in the British West India islands, prejudices vanquished, the eyes of so many morally blind, opened, so extensive an interest awakened in behalf of the slave, so many coloured men now to be found among our most eloquent and welcome speakers, and as editors, coloured men admitted to the bar and to the medical profession, and to posts which no *woman* as yet was allowed to fill. She spoke with much respect and interest of the *Louisville Examiner*, and several other journals in the slaveholding States, of the hope she felt of the coming Convention in Kentucky, &c. &c.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, of Boston, wanted to say *amen* to what Lucretia Mott has just said to us. There is nothing, he said, higher than the *individual conscience*; that is the corner-stone of the Reformer. Let us not be bullied by powerful associations; they are men—so are we. We will try them all, large or small, by the great rule of right, and feel our full equality with them, mighty and overshadowing as they may appear in the sight of men. We must each learn to feel, in determining a moral question, as if there were no one else in the Universe but God and himself.—Our friend from Hudson said he would support the Constitution and seek its amendment; but he don't mean this! Will he help send Wm. Brown back to St. Louis? Will he help seize Ellen Craft and hurl her back to Slavery in Georgia? No! he will not. Will he then support a Constitution which requires him to do this, till it is amended? He may be in his grave, long before any amendment takes place.

MR. HAYDOCK again spoke, in explanation of what he had before said; he declared himself a recent learner in the school of Freedom, but avowed himself open to new light. He had *a heart*, thank God, to feel for the sufferings and wrongs of humanity, and he would ever speak out in their behalf, according to the best light he had.

S. S. FOSTER, of Massachusetts, spoke of the power which he believed to reside in the ballot, a power which he thought would yet revolutionize the world. In itself considered, said he, the ballot is a simple expression of individual opinion, and I rejoice to see even the humblest man in the land eager to express his opinion in opposition to Slavery and in favour of humanity, by means of the ballot. Only let your vote be an unqualified condemnation of Slavery, and I hail it; but no vote, given to elect any man to an office under this Constitution, can be such a condemnation of Slavery.

Adjourned to meet at the same place at 7 1-2 o'clock.

IN THE EVENING, met at the appointed hour. A large audience completely filled the spacious hall. WILLIAM W. BROWN was called to preside. The meeting was successively addressed by Parker Pillsbury, Lucy Stone, and W. W. Brown; the attention of the audience being fully awakened and completely sustained until the adjournment at a late hour.

The following is a brief sketch of Miss Stone's speech:

MISS. LUCY STONE was vehemently called upon to speak to the assemblage, and, in response said, that, after what has been said of the Church this evening, and the proofs adduced, further remark on the subject may be deemed unnecessary. Yet I know from the expression made by the audience, in the early part of the meeting, that there are those here, who *then* felt, however they may *now* feel, that the Church and religion of the country were misrepresented. They are not Christians who hiss, for the spirit of Christ never so developes itself, but having been educated in the Church, they are jealous for its honour. We, too, have been educated in the Church, but have been compelled to protest against her, because she is so utterly false to God and man.

We do not speak against the Church for any good she has done. No Abolitionist has ever done it. If she has sought to stay the ravages of war—to lift up the drunkard from the gutter—to throw around the poor victim of pollution purifying influences, or to restore to man his right to himself, we have no fault to find thus far

But when the Church, mindful of the far-off heathen, sends her missionaries to the wild jungles of India—within the walls of China—beyond the Rocky Mountains to the islands of the ocean, and then passes by, in utter neglect, the 3,000,000 heathen at her own door, and leaves them without Bible, tract or missionary, to wind their way in voiceless agony to the eternal world; when in her corporate capacity, she owns and sells her own church-members on the auction-block; compels the mother, if she would celebrate the Lord's Supper, to take the bread, and drink the wine from plate purchased with the blood of her own child; then she recognizes as a Christian the monster who robs man of his manhood, and woman of her womanhood; then she admits to her communion the robber who drives to unpaid labour, from the cradle to the grave, his equal brother, we *must* speak out against her, or smother all that is highest and holiest in us, and be false to our own convictions of duty. We speak against the Church, not because we love to do it, but because crimes like those just mentioned are true of her, and with her mighty resources and power to prevent it, she stands boldly by, while 400 mothers are every day robbed of their babes, and 70,000 fathers are every year made worse than childless.

Who knows better the power of the Church, than Rev. Albert Barnes? And if what he says be true, who can measure her guilt? It is an ocean without soundings or shore. Understand, we do not find fault with the Church, for any good she does—sooner than do it, our right hand shall wither, and our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth—but while she tolerates and sanctions the crimes she now does, it shall not matter to us how deeply she is enshrined in the heart of the people; it shall not matter to us though she baptize herself in the name of the Eternal; we will tear off the mask, and hold her up in all her deformity, as having stolen the livery of angels to do the work of demons.

Luther exposed the corrupt Church of his time, and was reproached and opposed, but it was not to him a reason why he should

sacred. The time is coming too when our country shall cease to hear the tread of slaves.

Now there is not an inch in all our land where the fugitive from Slavery can find rest for the soles of his feet. There is no spot so sacred, no place so reverend that it can give a sanctuary for our hunted brother man. Wm. W. Brown may fly, to the old battle fields of freedom; his feet may press the soil of Bunker Hill, where the grass grows more greenly for the warm life-current once poured out there in defence of liberty, but even there he is not safe.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

The Society reassembled at the Minerva Rooms, according to adjournment, and was called to order by the President at 10 o'clock.

The Resolutions before the Society were again read.

THOMAS P. SMITH of Boston took the platform. He said he was a delegate from the coloured people of Boston to this Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to pledge their continued aid and friendship. Still, he, with most of the coloured voters of Boston, went with the Free Soil party in the last election, and voted Van Buren and Adams, though not blind to the defects and errors of Mr. Van Buren's past political career. He exhorted the coloured people of New York to stand true and steadfast to principle. Nothing, said he, is to be gained by abandoning principle, for an hour; every thing is to be gained by adhering to it.

FRANCIS JACKSON, of Massachusetts, one of the Vice Presidents of the Society, was called to the chair.

Mr. JACOBS of Rochester, rose to ask a question of the last speaker. That gentlemen, said he, has warned us not to leave the high ground of principle, and, yet, has told us that he belongs to the Free Soil party, and voted for a man whose principles and position he could not fully approve; he has said the Free Soil party was the child of the Anti-Slavery Society. Now I ask him, would he have us leave our acknowledged high and advanced ground of principle, and go back to be taught by our children?

Mr. SMITH replied, reiterating his former positions.

Mr. GARRISON next took the floor; he spoke with affection and regard of Mr. Smith, whom he had known from a child, and whom he was glad to find so earnest in the slave's cause, and so frank in the avowal of his own convictions. He replied to Mr. Smith's argument in favour of uniting with the Free Soil party. He showed how the Abolitionists had been importuned, at all stages of their movement, to yield something of their strict principles, and fall in now with the Whig, now with the Democratic, and now with the Free Soil parties, for the purpose of securing numbers and influence to the movement. But to them all Anti-Slavery had inflexibly, said No—convinced that whatever good might be in any one of these parties could only be saved and developed by the Anti-Slavery movement preserving its integrity and its principles unimpaired. God is with us, only because and only when we are with God, on this matter. Never shall we gain one inch, by compromise, or sacrifice, of the highest moral principle; our whole strength and virtue lie in a perfect obedience to it.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, from the Committee of Thirty, stated that that Committee had had a session during the evening previous, and had considered in the fullest manner the state and exigencies of the cause; and in their behalf he presented the following Report:

The Committee of Thirty report that, in their opinion, the best interests of the cause require an immediate and strenuous effort to awaken and renovate the Anti-Slavery sentiment of Eastern New York, Vermont, Western Massachusetts, &c. such a movement being, in their view, not only highly important in itself, but the best means of enlarging the circulation and extending the influence of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*. They recommend further that the services of EDMUND QUINCY be secured, in addition to those of Mr. J. RUSSELL LOWELL, for that paper. In furtherance of these objects, they urge that this morning be devoted to obtaining funds for the purpose of sending lecturers into the section of country above named. It is also their welcome duty to assure the friends that probably the aid of Mr. and Mrs. Foster can be had for this purpose.

Mr. PHILLIPS spoke in support of the Report, calling on every one present, and every one absent, who loves the Anti-Slavery cause and has faith in the truth of God, not to throw off upon others the whole load, but come up, each and every one, and contribute of his means as God has blessed him.

Mr. PHILLIPS moved that the Resolutions be laid upon the table, for the purpose of considering the Report just made. Passed.

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER addressed the meeting in an eloquent speeech in favour of the report, and of the measures therein recommended. She spoke of having recently visited several places on the North river and Long Island, and found a great readiness and desire to have a vigorous Anti-Slavery work commenced among them. She showed, by declarations of JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS and other Free Soil men that they regarded the high position and the labours of the American Anti-Slavery Society as indispensable to the growth and efficiency of Free Soil and all similar operations. If, said Mrs. Foster, we had had the funds and talents that the Free Soil party expended in the poor attempt to raise Mr. Van Buren to office, we could have abolished Slavery in six months. I mean, Mr. President, if I go up the Hudson River, to test Mr. Van Buren's Anti-Slavery principle, and I shall call upon him for a liberal donation to our funds.—Eastern New York has been particularly backward in the cause of Freedom. We must wake up the Rip Van Winkle of the North River, who has slept ever since the Anti-Slavery movement commenced; and though he moves slow, sir, I expect when he does move, that it will be strongly and effectively.

Mr. NEWTON, of New York, introduced himself to the audience as having given an Anti-Slavery lecture in New Haven ten years ago, at a perilous time, and was then defended by some ten or twenty young Southern men to whom he had taught the sword-exercise. Mr. Newton said he had been long studying the Slavery question, and the true theory of it had never been broached yet. God is the only one who is to overthrow Slavery; and education is the only true plan of accomplishing it. Professors of religion are at the head of every great and good work. Go on, said he, and teach to all the depravity of the human heart, the principles of old New England Calvinism, and you will do some good.

Mr. Newton was here called to order, as his remarks were totally irrelevant to the question before the Society, which, as he had been informed before commencing to speak, was that of raising funds to help the Anti-Slavery cause.—After considerable demur, he left the platform.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER showed that the speaker last up had violated one of his own professed principles, as to honesty in our dealings with one another, in so long occupying the valuable time of the meeting in discussing subjects having no connexion with the objects and purposes of the meeting, and thus defrauding the Society and its members of the time.

Mr. WEST, of New York, spoke of the "wages-slaves" of the North, and in opposition to the raising of any money for the Anti-Slavery Society, on the ground that it employs and pays agents; whereas no man ought to receive pay for doing his duty.

Adjourned to 3 o'clock, P. M.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Mr. GARRISON called the meeting to order at the hour of adjournment. The Rev. Mr. TILLINGHAST, of Herkimer, made an earnest exhortation to the audience, chiefly dwelling upon the Pro-slavery position of the American Church; and afterwards taking up the Constitution of the Untied States, and striving to show that it does not give support and protection to Slavery. He nevertheless expressed his hearty regard for the American Anti-Slavery Society, and bade God speed to its efforts directed against the Bastile of American Slavery.

Mr. HAYDOCK, of Hudson, said he was still looking for the proof that the American Constitution was in league with Slavery. By leaving the Union, instead of breaking the bonds of the slave, I think we shall help to rivet them; and therefore I hold to staying in the Union, and helping to drive Slavery out. Yet I may be mistaken. I want to see the light. Only show me that dissolution of the Union is the right way, and I am with you, heart and hand, and if you don't convince me, I am not *against* you, but I will fight on my own hook.

Rev. Mr. TILLINGHAST again took the platform, desiring to set himself right on one or two points. The question, said he, which Mr. Phillips asked me and the answer I gave, as to the vote I gave last fall for Mr. Van Buren, ought not perhaps to have much weight in the case, as I am ready to admit that I was not well satisfied with the vote at the time, and will not undertake to defend it now. But I ask, is not Mr. Phillips's difficulty, as a Disunionist, the same with mine? the Union is not abolished by his leaving it, the same evils exist. [But, said Mr. Phillips, the difference is here; we appoint no Judges, and no officers on our behalf to execute the requisitions of a Pro-Slavery Constitution.] Mr. Tillinghast admitted the difference; and after some further remarks, referred to the ancient law of God, given to the Jewish people, *forbidding* the return of the escaped slave; no law of man requiring such a return, said he, would I obey; if that be Disunion, I am a Disunionist.

Mr. TILLINGHAST, having affirmed that there was no clause in the Constitution requiring the return of fugitive slaves, was asked by Samuel May what weight he would attach to the declaration of Mr. MADISON in the case, of Mr. Madison himself a prominent member of the Convention which formed the Constitution, and one of its ablest recognized expounders. Mr. May proceeded to quote from Mr. MADISON the express declaration that the Constitutional clause, respecting "persons held to service or labour" WAS EXPRESSLY INSERTED TO ENABLE THE OWNERS OF FUGITIVE SLAVES TO RECLAIM THEM. Mr. May thought that this opinion, and express affirmation, of Mr. Madison could not be invalidated by the opinion of any gentleman at this late day.

S. S. FOSTER continued the debate, showing further in a clear and precise manner the pledges and guaranties given to Slavery in the Constitution. He spoke of the pledge there given to suppress "domestic violence;" does not that include the suppression of a slave insurrection, and would that not be mightily to help the slave system! There is too the clause fixing the basis of representation, where the expression "three fifths of all other persons" can refer to none but the slaves. And, said Mr. Foster, how could our friend Tillinghast say that, in his judgment, our fathers in 1789 would never have adopted a Constitution that supported Slavery, when, by that very instrument, it was expressly provided that the African Slave-Trade should go on, without prohibition, until 1808—twenty years! They knew that well; Luther Martin, of Maryland, a member of that Convention, refused to sign the Constitution expressly on account of the protection it afforded to the Slave Trade.

J. MILLER MCKIM of Pennsylvania took the chair, and Mr. GARRISON addressed the Society with great eloquence and fervency, to the point that it is impossible to be true to the Constitution, and true to God, at the same time. He showed that it was morally impossible for the men who met in Philadelphia in 1787 to form an *Anti-Slavery* Constitution. He exposed with great force the weak defence that the Constitution is Anti-Slavery, because the words *Slave* or *Slavery* do not appear in it; as if it were not the universal policy of all wrong-doers to seek to cover up their iniquity in fair words and professions.

Adjourned, to hold an Evening session at the Broadway Lecture room, 718 Broadway.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The Society met according to adjournment, Mr. GARRISON in the Chair. Mr. May, one of the Secretaries, read the Resolutions before the meeting, after which, eloquent addresses were made to a highly-attentive audience by Wm. L. GARRISON, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, and WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THURSDAY.

The Society met again at the Minerva Rooms, and the Chair was taken by the President at 10 o'clock.

SAMUEL MAY asked leave to read the following paragraph, from the telegraphic despatch in the *N. Y. Tribune*, of this morning:

Richmond, Wednesday May 9—9 P. M.

GREAT EXCITEMENT—AN ATTEMPT TO RUN NEGROES TO THE NORTH DETECTED.—A man named A. S. Smith, a supposed agent of the Abolitionists, sent a box to Messrs. Adams & Co.'s express office, in this city, marked as merchandise, and directed "To P. Williams, Buttonwood-st., Philadelphia." The box was placed on the freight cars; but, on examination, it proved to contain two live negro slaves, who were supplied with cans and bladders of water and other necessary contrivances to sustain them on the trip. On the discovery being made, a telegraphic despatch was sent to Fredericksburg, where Smith was arrested and taken back to Richmond, where he was committed to jail to await an early trial.

On the foregoing, Mr. GARRISON commented, as symbolizing the character of our Government and people, and the regard here felt for liberty as an "inalienable right" of man.

Mr. WEST, of New York, took the floor and spoke at considerable length in opposition to the principle of disunion.

Mr. JACOBS, of Rochester, N. Y., said that he was a disunionist, and had been one for many years. He regarded it as the surest way to abolish Slavery, and the only bloodless one. He spoke of the *social* union among Northern men and Southern slaveowners, which did so much to hold up Slavery. He referred to a Mr. Skinner of North Carolina, whom he well knew as the holder of near one hundred slaves. He has, said Mr. J. a relative in this city (Rev. Dr. Skinner) whom he frequently visits, and is received and welcomed there, though the enslaver of so many of their equal brethren. How many such instances are to be found in every Northern community!

LUCRETIA MOTT, moved to amend the *fifth* resolution, by adding the words "or commercially," and sustained her motion.

It was seconded—

S. S. FOSTER opposed the adoption of the amendment, on the ground that if we could have no commercial connexion with the slaveholder, we could have none, on the same principle with the manufacturing lords of Great Britain, nor with the land monopolists of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. I would as soon take the raw cotton from John C. Calhoun, said Mr. F. as to take the manufactured cotton from the blood-stained looms of the North and of England. If I can buy and deal with none but men whose hands are clean of all wrong, I must give up all trade and live solely in and upon what I can produce, weave, or build myself.

MRS. ROSE, of New York, expressed her general agreement with Mr. Foster; but would ask, Would you buy of another what you knew to be *stolen*? The slaveholder steals not the man alone, but the man's labour.

C. L. REMOND apologised for the few remarks he had to offer. He declared that he had never abandoned the principles of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and wished to know why his name was omitted from the list of speakers.

Mr. QUINCY, of Massachusetts, moved that when the Society adjourns this morning, it be an anjournment *sine die*. Adopted.

The Finance Committee stated that one hundred dollars more were wanted to cover the expenses incident to this Annual Meeting.

Mr. QUINCY, from the Committee of Nomination, presented the following Report, containing the names of officers of the Society for the ensuing year;

Officers of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 1849.

PRESIDENT:

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Vice Presidents,

Oliver Dennel, Maine; Benjamin Comings, Sumner Lincoln, N. H.; Patten Davis, Vermont; Francis Jackson, Edmund Quincy, Massachusetts; Asa Fairbanks, Rhode Island; Jonathan Leonard, Connecticut; Samuel J. May, Thomas M'Clintock, New York; Robert Purvis, Edward M. Davis, Pennsylvania; Alfred Gibbs Campbell, New Jersey; Thomas Garrett, Delaware; Thomas Donaldson, William Stedman, Ohio; David Wilson, Indiana; Robert Stewart, Illinois; Zephaniah Platt, Michigan.

Corresponding Secretary,

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

Recording Secretary,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Treasurer,

FRANCIS JACKSON.

Managers,

Newell A. Foster, Ruth Morrill, Maine; Luther Mclendy, Parker Pillsbury, Amos Wood, New Hampshire; William P. Tilden, Patten Davis, Vermont; Andrew Robeson, Amos Farnsworth, James N. Buffum, George W. Benson, Bourne Spooner, Charles Lenox Remond, Massachusetts; Daniel Mitchell, Rhode Island; George Sharpe, Butler N. Strong, Luther Bartlett, Connecticut; Joseph Post, Daniel Carmichael, Mary Springstead, Isaac Post, Frederick Douglass, New York; Addison Conger, George Atkinson, New Jersey; James M. McKim, Elijah Pennypacker, William H. Johnson, John P. Magill, Edwin Fussell, Pennsylvania; Joseph A. Dugdale, David Galbreath, Lydia Irish, Abraham Allen, Ohio; Mary Ann Swain, Clarkson Puckett, Indiana.

Executive Committee.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Francis Jackson, Edmund Quincy, Maria Weston Chapman, Wendell Phillips, Anne Warren Weston, Sydney Howard Gay, Eliza Lee Follen, James Russell Lowell, Sarah Pugh, Charles F. Hovey, Samuel May, jr.

After being amended in one instance, the report was adopted.

W. PHILLIPS introduced the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the American Colonization Society is still to be regarded and denounced as the enemy of the coloured people of the United States—in that it has no testimony against Slavery—that it keeps fellowship with slaveholders—that it makes no effort to improve the condition of coloured people at home; and utters no protest against the bloody and cruel code of the slave States, and in view of its attempt to gain the sympathy of the English people, we would call to their remembrance the noble protest of *O'Connell* and *Wilberforce*, of *Clarkson* and *Macaulay*, against that vile imposture; the fact of the deep and unceasing hostility to it of the whole coloured race, the suspicious sympathy between it and the American church, that every true friend of Slavery knows, and even Doctors of Divinity have allowed, to be the bulwarks of Slavery.

Resolved, That while we recognize the Free Soil party as an honest effort to effect a good purpose, and while we know such attempts must ever be the unavoidable result of such agitations as ours, and with full disposition to appreciate cordially the energy of many of its advocates, we yet regard as its most valuable fruit the palpable evidence its feature gives, of the utter impracticability and inefficiency of such efforts as that of the Free Soil party; and we feel bound to declare, acting as it does within the Union and under the American Constitution, that party is to be placed in the same depth of criminality with the Whig and Democratic parties in regard to the enslavement of three millions of our countrymen by its support of the pro Slavery compromises of the constitution.

Resolved, That we would hold up to the indignation of Christendom the heartless and cruel proposal which Henry Clay has made to his fellow citizens for the abolition of Slavery, the best plan which the long experience, the boasted humanity and vaunted devotion to liberty of the idol of America has to offer—a plan which only frees Kentucky by sending the coloured race to New Orleans—or at best by transporting, and torn from kindred and home across the ocean; and all this after long and dreary years. So foolish a waste of the resources of a State, so idle an effort to perform impossibilities, so palpable an attempt to secure the credit of humanity, while we leave the performance of acknowledged duty to another generation, so gross a violation of all right, such seeming unconsciousness of the cruel and atrocious plan attempted to be baptised into philanthropy, is doubtless a fitting close to a life passed in the polluted atmosphere of American politics; and closing in the stifling embraces of the American church.

Resolved, That even in his magnificent failure to rally the South, we regard the evidence of the sincerity of Calhoun in representing the great idea of his life—the perpetuity of Slavery—and amid the crowd of American statesmen living in expediency, ready doubtless to sacrifice principles to profit if they had any principles to sacrifice, we welcome the sight of one who assumes, at least, to represent an idea, and professes to act on conviction.

W. L. GARRISON spoke in opposition to the amendment of Lucretia Mott.

S. S. FOSTER again spoke on the same side, replying to Mrs. Rose's inquiry.

The question being taken on Mrs. Mott's amendments, it was negatived.

C. L. REMOND moved a re-consideration of the last vote; this motion was negatived.

The Resolutions before the Society, offered previous to this day's session, were then ADOPTED, *nem. con.*

The resolution, referring to Mr. Calhoun, was then adopted.

The resolution on Colonization, was adopted unanimously, after some remarks from Mr. Garrison.

The resolution on Free Soil was debated by Cyrus M. Burleigh, P. Pillsbury, Thomas Van Rensselaer, Horace Dresser, W. L. Garrison, Mr. Palmer, and others.

The resolution was then adopted.

That on Mr. CLAY was then taken up, and unanimously adopted.

The following resolution was then adopted:

Resolved, That this Society recommend to the Agents who may be employed in this vicinity the present season to organize, wherever it may be practicable, county Societies, and that the regular meetings of these Societies be so arranged as that any individual who desires to do so can attend them all in succession.

On motion of E. QUINCY, *voted* to adjourn.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*
SAMUEL MAY, jr. } *Secretaries.*
WILLIAM C. NELL, }

Donations and Pledges made at the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

PLEDGES.

Edward M. Davis,	$200 00
Wendell Phillipps,	200 00
Francis Jackson,	200 00
George Doughty,	50 00
B. S. Rednoy,	1 00
J. W. Smith, 7 West Broadway,	5 00
Miss Doughe, Albany,	1 00
I. W. Tarry, 204 Spring st.	2 00
J. B. Smith, Boston,	1 00
A. Friend, New Bedford,	2 00
Mrs. Sovey,	50
Wm. P. Griffiths, 245 Wate st.	3 00
Wm. S. Ray,	2 00
Sarah Pugh,	10 00
E. D. Hudson,	5 00
Edmund Jackson,	10 00
	$692 50

DONAT ONS

Samuel May, jr.	5 00
Francis Jackson,	5 00
Wendell Phillips,	2 00
Lucretia Mott,	1 00
Edward W. Davis,	1 00
Edmund Quincy,	1 00
Joseph Carpenter,	2 00
" "	1 00
A. B. Carpenter,	5 00
Thomas Willitts,	1 00
Cash,	25
Henry Willitts,	1 00
John Hedge,	50
Moses Spear,	1 00
Cash collected	2 31
" "	1 50
A. Friend	1 00
Cash,	25
"	25
"	50
Edmund Jackson,	5 00
Cyrus M. Burleigh,	1 00
Lucretia Mott,	1 00
S. Holly,	1 00
George Bourne Farnesworth,	1 00
S. H. Gay,	1 00
N. Hollick,	50
George Doughty,	1 00
E. H. Jones,	50
A. Friend,	50
"	50
Catherine B. Robinson,	50
Mary. E. Crumela,	25
Miss. Sebastain,	1 00
Cash,	12½
Jane E. Sogee,	25
Cash,	50
"	25
"	25
Hester Augustus,	1 00
Sarah B. Marshall,	25
Joseph Post,	1 00
Cash,	25
"	1 00
E. D. Draper,	5 00
Cash,	10
"	25
"	25
J. M. McKim,	1 00
Cash,	5 39
Wm. Lloyd Garrison,	1 60
W. W. Brown,	1 00
Joseph Post,	50
John Ketchum,	50
Joseph Carpenter,	50
Henry Wilson,	50
	68 17½

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

NEW-YORK: THURSDAY MAY 17, 1849.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The annual meeting of this Convention will be held in Boston, on TUESDAY, May 29, and will probably continue in session, as usual, the two following days. The wide reputation of this Convention as the most interesting and enthusiastic of all the Anti-Slavery gatherings held in the country during the year—the solemn and heaven-attested pledges of the friends of those who are yet pining in bondage—the critical state of our cause, in regard to the establishment of Slavery on the soil of California and New Mexico, and to the Southern design of securing the annexation of Cuba to the United States—the remembrances of the strengthening interviews obtained at previous meetings, and the powerful impetus given to the car of freedom by each anniversary successively—and the importance of making 'a short work in righteousness' of the terrible slave system, by effecting the overthrow of its governmental bulwark, the American Union—should, and undoubtedly will, bring together a crowded auditory, animated by a zeal that never tires, a vigilance that never slumbers, and a spirit of heroism that never turns from the conflict. Abolitionists in every part of the land! we invite you to be with us on an occasion so inspiring, in the name of three millions of slaves and their posterity.

In behalf of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*

EDMUND QUINCY, *Secretary.*

Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL contributes a very long long leader to this week's *Anti Slavery Standard* entitled "Anti-Slavery Criticisms on Mr. Clay's Letter," which seems expressly got up to exhibit the divorce of smartness from reason. The following paragraph is a fair sample:

"How does it happen that only Abolitionists are charged with wanting moderation, and that Slaveholding is the one sin that is to be treated with tenderness? Is there, then, a scale of meritoriousness in crimes? Mr. Greeley subscribed $500 to assist insurrection in Ireland. We freely admit that, if ever rebellion were justifiable, it was so in that case. And why? Because no plan of relief was sufficiently radical, and because all of them looked to the interest of the great landholders rather than of the great body of the people who were chiefly concerned. But let us apply here Mr. Greeley's reasoning in regard to Kentucky. Surely Lord Clarendon and the great landholders, who were on the spot, could judge better than anybody else what measures were most judicious and most likely to have a salutary effect. If what the law makes property be property in Kentucky, why is it not so in New York, and how will Mr. Greeley defend his anti-rent doctrines? But perhaps a man's property in the bodies and souls of his fellow-citizens is more sacred and indefeasible than his title to the soil."

Here are two parallels suggested to the case of Slavery, both brought forward to excuse the treatment of Mr. Clay's letter by the more savage portion of the Anti-Slavery press. Let us run them out:

Suppose Lord Clarendon, in the midst of John Mitchel and Gavan Duffy's "Young Ireland" agitation, had come out with a letter declaring to the whole world that "The advocates of Independence for Ireland are right in "the main—this island *ought* to be free from British do-"minion—it *ought* to be an Independent Republic, and I "am in favour of such a consummation,—but it can only "be effected gradually, by a peaceful and gradual process, "and Ireland must assume and pay a part of the British "National Debt, as one condition of the set-off,"—and suppose Mitchel, Duffy & Co. had received this letter with scoffs, jeers and denunciations of its author—would not the world have justly branded them knaves or idiots? Just so if one of the Van Rensselaers had come out against Patroonery and Land Monopoly, but proposed a different mode of extinguishing them from that preferred by the Anti-renters—who does not see that the proper course for the latter would be to seize upon and press home the admissions, and not hit their author in the mouth, although they might be constrained to disregard his qualifications? This is precisely what we maintained in our article on "Mr. Clay and the Men of One Idea," which the *Standard* is endeavouring to answer. We never asked Mr. Garrison or Mr. Lowell to be Henry Clay any more than we desired him to be a Garrison; but we held that he was doing his proper work, however unlike to theirs. How can a man blunder over this plain state of the case through two mortal columns?—*New York Tribune.*

We still think as we did before reading Mr. Greeley's comments upon our article. It appears to us that it is not we, but Mr. Greeley, whose perceptions are obscured. He leaves the knot as hard as it was before.

If the British ministry had proposed as a remedy for the Irish trouble, that the lacklands should first pay the landlords the value of the soil and then be transported to Sierra Leone, the cases would be parallel. We cannot express satisfaction at a plan of reform devised exclusively for the benefit of the oppressing class, and certain, if practicable, to result only in that. It would be hard for Mr. Greeley to detect a gleam of humanity in Mr. Clay's plan for emancipation. We remain of opinion that Mr. Greeley's reasoning in regard to Ireland would justify insurrection in Kentucky, and it was on this account that we were astonished to see him defending measures in the one case which he would have indignantly scouted in the other. The case is so plain even to men of but "one idea," that we shall not spend words on it. However deficient in reason we may be, we are not so unreasonable as to doubt that, if we grant him his premises, he can prove his conclusion

Allow that Mr. Clay's plan was a humane or feasible one, and we are willing to allow further that Mr. Greeley was right and we wrong. His charge that our columns are "mortal" (if we understand it) we cheerfully admit.—J. R. L.

In the Report of the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, it will be observed that a Telegraphic Dispatch to the Tribune was read at the Minerva Rooms announcing the arrest of a Mr. Smith of Richmond, Va. for boxing up *two men*, and forwarding them by Express for a Free State. The *Richmond Whig* of the 7th inst. gives the following particulars of the affair:

THE ATTEMPT TO CARRY OFF TWO SLAVES?—Considerable excitement was produced in our community at an early hour yesterday by the discovery of a daring attempt to run off two valuable slaves, hired in this city. One of them, named Alfred, has been hired for some years by Major Tallman, of the Washington Hotel, and belongs to the estate of Archibald Govan, deceased, of Hanover; and the other, Sawney, has also been a fine hotel waiter with Mr. I. M. Sublett, and is the property of Mrs. Caroline M. Christian, of New Kent county. The man who arranged for, and who was attempting to effect their escape, is generally believed to be Samuel A. Smith, a personage who moved to this city some years since, figured extensively in the shoe business, under the sign of the "Red Boot," and has several times been arrested upon serious charges, but has some way or other managed to escape from the strong arm of the law.

The facts of the case, as we have been able to glean them, appear to be these: About half-past seven yesterday morning, a dray was driven up to Adams & Co.'s Express office, having upon it two large boxes, about the size of those commonly used in the dry goods business, and known as No. 2. They were directed to "W. P. Williamson, No. 32 Buttonwood street, Philadelphia." The express clerk having some suspicion about the boxes, communicated with Mr. Barroll, the Express agent of this city, who, having previously had some intimation from his correspondent, Mr. Sandford, of Philadelphia, that an attempt might be made to run off some of our slaves in boxes, through the medium of the Express, directed the driver to let them remain on the dray, and drive them immediately to the depot; at the same time directing his assistant to take up a hatchet in his wagon, for the purpose of opening the boxes at the depot, and confirming or removing his suspicions. A short time after the dray had left, Smith went into the Express office, and inquired whether a bag of meal, which he had left to be forwarded, had gone or not? his true purpose, doubtless, being to see whether the boxes had duly gone.

Upon reaching the depot, Mr. Barroll opened one of the boxes, and discovering a negro therein, he immediately nailed the top down again, and communicated the discovery to one of the officers of the train, Smith having at one time been seen near, and having afterwards disappeared. He afterwards got on the train some distance higher up the street. The negroes, still in the boxes, were driven down to the mayor's office, removed from their hot nests, and placed in custody. Each of them had in the box a small bundle of cloths, a pair of boots, a fancy fan, and a bladder filled with water to drink, tied around the neck with a shoemaker's end, showing very conclusively that Smith had made all the preparations. It was lucky that the negroes were discovered, on the score of humanity, as they must certainly have died before reaching even Fredericksburg. Their boxes were very close, having only small vent holes at either end; and superadded to this would have been the intense closeness of the Express freight car, in which they would have been placed with many packages on them.

As soon as it was found that Smith had escaped, telegraphic messages were immediately sent to Fredericksburg, and other northern places, to accomplish his arrest; and about twelve o'clock yesterday, the telegraph announced the gratifying intelligence that he had been arrested by officer Caldwell, of Fredericksburg, and would be brought to Richmond by the downward train in the evening.

A partial examination of the case was made by his honor the Mayor, on yesterday morning, and each witness recognised in the sum of $300, to appear at his office to-day, when a full one, we have no doubt, will be made.

Mr. Wm. B. Barroll, the express agent, was sworn, and gave, in substance, the testimony before mentioned.

Mr. P. W. Grubbs stated that he had furnished Smith with the stationary, with which he wrote a letter to this man Williamson, of Philadelphia. Mr. Stephen H. Fisher, the keeper of the shoe store, with whom Smith lives, testified to having seen a letter in Smith's possession, directed to W. P. Williamson, whom Smith had told him was doing a large business in the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia, and whom he was going on to see, for the purpose of joining in business. Mr. F. on being shown the dray ticket which accompanied the boxes, recognised it as being in the handwriting of Smith, and, at the request of the Mayor, went to his store and brought a business book, in which entries had been made by Smith, which, upon being compared with the penmanship of the ticket, were found to be identical. The ticket was as follows:—

"May 8th, '49.

"two cases from H. Tyler to Express office")

Miss Catharine Dolbow, being duly sworn, testified that she had been living with Mr. Smith about six months. She was not his wife Had never seen the two negroes in Court in Mr. Fisher's store with Smith, except on business. Was late in getting up. Eat breakfast with Smith up stairs. Mr. Fisher had been at the store some time when she rose. (Consider able trepidation.) What she said she uttered in the presence of God and the Court.

[The Mayor reminded her that she had taken a solemn oath to tell the whole truth, and she must regard herself always in the presence of Omnipotence.]

Told her to take her seat.

Sarah, a mulatto, examined, after the customary injunction, that she would lose her "ears, &c." for failing to tell the truth.—Lived with Mr. Smith about a fortnight. Had seen the boxes in his kitchen. Did't know who made them. Were there when she came to live with him. Did't sleep in the kitchen, but in the garret. Mr. Smith did not take breakfast at home. Saw Mr. Smith, from an upper window, get on the cars as they passed the door.—*Richmond Whig, May 7.*

The *Richmond Republican* contains some additional particulars which we also copy:

Samuel A. Smith is a man 38 or 40 years of age, we suppose, about 5 feet 9 or 10 inches high, red face, high cheekbones, blue, dancing eyes, long nose, dark chesnut hair, and is rather a pleasant looking man. He appeared in Court dressed in a reddish-gray close-bodied coat, of summer goods, striped vest and cravat, and gray striped pants, with gold buttons in his bosom.

When arrested in Fredericksburg by Lieut. Coleman and others, he expressed great surprise at such an event, and could not conceive for his life, why he was thus seized on the public highway. After being taken from the cars into the Telegraph office, he conversed fluently with the spectators on various subjects, particularly that of lottery tickets, and seemed to enjoy a high flow of spirits until he had nearly reached Richmond, when all his self-possession vanished, his eyes rolled about as if in great tribulation, and remorse and despair seemed to have fastened themselves so strongly upon him that he appeared almost dumb. If guilty, well may his fortitude have forsaken him, for before his eyes stood thousands of enraged citizens, ready to greet his return, and anxious to visit upon such an offender the severest penalties of the law. True, no violence was offered him on reaching the depot, for our citizens are orderly people; but under the circumstances he could not fail to dread that vengeance which he well knew should fall upon the head of such an atrocious offender.

On arriving at the jail, the officers proceeded to make their customary search, when they discovered, tied up in the corner of his shirt tail $73, a $30 note, a $10 note, two $5 notes, and $20 in gold, with some little specie, most of the notes and gold corresponding with the money described by the negroes as having been paid by them to Smith.

Mr. Phillips, in his speech at the Tabernacle, referred to the case of the Colporteur who was arrested, some years since, in New Orleans, for giving a Bible to a slave, and used the fact as a powerful illustration of his statement touching the pro-slavery character of the American Church More striking evidence of the truth of all that was said both by himself and Mr. Pillsbury, on that point could hardly be given, and if any exception could be taken to it it would be that the case occurred several years ago, and being a solitary one, could hardly be established as a general rule. We do not mean to attempt to add anything to the force of the arguments or illustrations adduced by either of those speakers, but if any such exception as that alluded to should be taken by any defender of the church, it would be sufficient to reply that if that single case was a peculiar one, it is only because Northern Christians have never by sending other such colporteurs to the South, given the slaveholders an opportunity to serve them in the same way. If the American Bible Society were as mindful of the Blacks of the South as they are of the Hottentots at the Cape of Good Hope, the Southern masters would only be too glad to serve its missionaries with the cart-whip as they did A. Dresser, or hand them over to the tender mercies of the Municipal Courts, as they did the colporteur referred to.

A signal proof of the truth of this has just come to our knowledge. The Wesleyan Methodist Church has seceded, as everybody knows, from its venerable mother, the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is an outcast from the Christian Church of the United States. We do not think it has washed its hands clean of the abomination of American Slavery, but it is far from sustaining the same relation to it as is still sustained by other great denominations. It is known, North and South, as, in a measure, opposed to Slavery. The Rev. Mr. Lee, of the *True Wesleyan* newspaper, of this city has just received a letter from the South, containing the intelligence of the arrest of a minister of that Church, the Rev. JARVIS C. Bacon of Grayson circuit, Virginia, who is charged with circulating for "felonious purposes," a pamphlet containing a Bible argument against Slavery, and loaning the Narrative off Frederick Douglass! The accusation against Mr. Bacon is made in two indictments, and each, if sustained, will subject him to "not less than one, nor more than five years imprisonment" in the Penitentiary. The criminality of Douglass' Narrative consists in its being a simple and truthful statement of the experience of the writer while a slave; the 'Bible Argument' is one preached as a sermon by the Rev. E. Smith, a Wesleyan clergyman in Cincinnati, and published at the request of the congregation that listened to it. Such a fact as this cannot fail to give added weight to the reflections upon the character of the American Church continued in the speeches reported in this number of the *Standard*.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.—We make no apology for devoting so large a space in this week's paper to the Report of the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, as no better use can be made of its columns than to devote them to so faithful a transcript of those proceedings as Mr. Burr has given us in his admirable report of the speeches at the Tabernacle, and as we are indebted to the Secretaries for, in their clear, full notes of the subsequent meetings at the Minerva Rooms. We have still to publish a full report, by Mr. Burr, of the speeches made at Hope Chapel on Wednesday evening, but have no room for it this week.

We do not remember ever to have known so much Anti-Slavery crowded into a single week, in this city, as in the last. In addition to the meetings of the American Society there were several evening meetings among the coloured people, and on Friday afternoon and evening a discussion on the character of the Constitution of the United States, between Frederick Douglass and S. R. Ward, which, we hear, was conducted with great ability, and to the satisfaction of a crowded audience.

The Astor Place Riot.

So terrible an event as the Riot at the Astor Place Opera House, in this city, on Thursday night of last week, is of course so widely known, and the details so familiar to everybody ere this, as to preclude the necessity of any very lengthened statement even for those of our country readers who usually rely upon our columns for the current news of the day. It has been the topic of the daily papers for a week past, and for the last two or three days their columns have been crowded with the details of the evidence before the Coroner, but no new and essential facts have been elicited since the first statement of the particulars of the riot.

The immediate cause of this disgraceful and fatal event is, as everybody knows, an actor's quarrel between Messrs. Forrest and Macready, in which, however, the former was the aggressor, and clearly without any other reasons than were suggested by his own jealous nature, and a violent temper. It served nevertheless, as a pretext for a disturbance on Monday evening, when Mr. Macready was hissed and hooted from the stage at the Opera House, and led, by arousing a national feeling, to the fatal events which followed.

The following narration of these events we copy from the *Sun*. The mob assembled early in the evening bent upon mischief. Great disturbance was created within the house, and a large number were arrested and confined within the building, whence they attempted to escape by setting it on fire, but the fire was happily extinguished. The play, however, was proceeded with, and the audience dismissed, the mob, in the meantime, having attacked the building, and broken in the doors and windows. The *Sun* proceeds:

At length the whole Police force outside were assaulted with paving stones and brick bats, and compelled to take refuge inside the theatre. An abundance of missiles was at hand, from the excavations made for constructing a sewer on the north side of the theatre in Broadway, and most freely were they used by the mob Many of the Police were wounded. The mob outside had now incre

Miscellany.

CONFIDENCES.

BY ALPHONSE DE LARNARTINE.

[*Translated for the Standard.*]

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IV.

Leaving the bed of the Saône which flows through the green meadows and under the fertile hills of Maçon, and turning towards the little town and the ruins of the ancient abbey of Cluny, where Abelard died, the road ascends through an undulating country, which seems to the eye like the swelling waves of the sea. To right and left the hamlets gleam white through their vines. Above these, the bare and uncultivated mountains stretch in steep and rocky declivities of gray moss, upon which the scattered flocks are seen like white points All these mountains are crowned by masses of rocks, which, rent and worn by time and tempests, assume the aspect of old and ruinous castles.

Following the road, which winds around the base of these hills, about two hours' walk from the town, there opens on the left a narrow path shaded by willows which descends to the meadows near a stream of water, where the sound of a mill is constantly heard.

The path winds for a moment beneath some alders which conceal it, and beside the little stream whose waters, when they are swollen by the springs, have no other bed. Crossing the stream by a little bridge a steep winding path conducts to an open platform, above which we find a group of old houses covered with red tiles. This is our village; a grey stone belfry of a pyramidal form rises above a few peasant's cottages. The pebbly road winds from door to door among the thatched houses, and leads at last to a gateway, somewhat wider and higher than the others; it is the entrance of the court which encloses my father's house.

The house is completely hidden in this court, for it can be seen neither from the village, nor from the high road. Built in the hollow formed by a bend of the valley, low, and overlooked on all sides by the steeple, the trees, and the rustic habitations around, with a high mountain in the rear, it is only by climbing this mountain and looking down, that one is enabled to see below, the low but massive house, which rises like a vast boundary of blackened stone at the extremity of a narrow garden.

It is a square house of only one story, with three large windows on each side. The walls of unplastered stone, moss-grown and weather-stained, have the sombre colouring of old abbey cloisters. From the side of the court we enter the house through a lofty gate of carved wood, which is reached by a flight of wide stone steps.

These stones, although of colossal dimensions, have been so rounded, worn and broken by time and the heavy burdens which have been thrown upon them, that they are completely disjointed, and shake and creak beneath the tread. The nettles and damp weeds grow up here and there in the interstices, in which the little summer frogs, with their sweet complaining voices, sing through the evening as in a marsh.

We enter at first a corridor, large and well lighted, but whose size diminished by vast armories of carved walnut, in which the household linen is kept, and where are also deposited the corn and flour for the daily consumption of the family. At the left is the kitchen of which the door is always open, and where we see a long oaken table surrounded by benches. Some peasants are usually found seated at this table at all hours, for the cloth is always laid either for the labourers or for the numerous guests—to whom bread, cheese and wine, are so frequently offered in these remote districts, where there is neither tavern nor house of entertainment.

On the left is the door of the dining-room whose furniture consists only of a pine table, some chairs and one of those old buffets with compartments, drawers, and numerous shelves which is an heir-loom in our old mansions, and which modern taste seeks to discover and restore.

From the dining-room we enter a drawing-room with two windows, one looking into the court, and the other opening to the north on the garden.

A staircase, once of wood, but which my father replaced by one of rudely cut stone, leads to one low story containing ten almost unfurnished chambers which open upon dark corridors. These are the sleeping apartments of the family, the guests and the domestics

This is the whole interior of the house beneath whose sheltering wall we nestled so long. Behold the roof that my mother so lovingly called her Jerusalem; her mansion of rest! See the nest which protected us so many years from rain, cold, hunger, and the breath of the world! The nest where death found the parents and from which the children successively took flight—this, in one direction, that in another—some for eternity! I remain preserving carefully its relicks of straw, of moss, or down; and empty, chill and deserted as it is, of the joys it once knew, I love to revisit it. I sometimes sleep there, for my impressions seem to me to be made real by the place and I feel as if I might hear at my waking the tones of my mother, the step of my father, the merry voices of my sisters, all those sounds of youth, and life and love, which resound for me alone, under those old rafters, and which I alone can still hear and cherish for a short time.

CHAPTER V.

The exterior of this dwelling answers to its interior. Within the court the eye rests only upon the presses, the wood piles and stables, which surrounded it. The great gate of the court stands always open upon the village street, and through it all day long we see the peasants as they go to and from the fields. They carry their tools upon one shoulder, upon the other an infant's cradle. Their wives follow them to the vineyards and carry often another child at their breast. A goat with its kid perhaps, follows them—stops for a moment to play with the dogs at the gate, and then bounds forward to rejoin them.

On the other side of the street is the village oven—always smoking—the habitual rendezvous of the old men, the poor women who are employed in spinning, and of children who warm themselves by the ashes of that eternal hearth.

This is the prospect from one of the drawing-room windows. The other window looks to the North; and we see beyond the garden wall and the roofs of some low houses a horizon of mountains, almost always dark and cloudy, from which rises, some times, brightened by a yellow gleam of sunlight, sometimes shrouded by mists, an old ruinous castle, with its turrets and its towers. This is the characteristic feature of the landscape. Take away this ruin, and the warm light of evening upon its walls, the fantastic wreaths of mountain mist around its donjon, would disappear with it forever. There would remain only a dark mountain, and a yellow ravine.

A sail upon the sea, a rain upon the hill, form a picture by themselves. The earth is but the stage; life, thought, action, are in the traces of man; where life is, there is interest. The back of the house looks upon the small garden of a quarter of an acre, enclosed with black stones.

At the extremity of the garden even the mountain begins insensibly to rise, at first cultivated, and green with vines, then bare and gray, like those mosses which having no nutriment grow upon the rock, and are not to be distinguished from it. Two or three gray old rocks form an indentation on its summit.

Not a tree, not even a shrub rises above the bosom with which it is overgrown. Not a thatch—not even a cottage smoke animates it.

This solitude is perhaps the secret charm of the garden: it is like an infant's cradle hidden by the mother in the furrow while she is at her work; the sides of the furrow rise above the edges of the cradle, and when the curtain is raised the child sees but the vault of the sky between two hillocks of earth.

The garden itself is hardly such, except in name. It would scarcely have been reckoned a garden in any days less primitive than those in which Homer described the humble enclosure and the seven meadows of the old Laertes. Eight square beds of vegetables cut at right angles, bordered with fruit trees, and divided by alleys of yellow sand; on the extremity of the walks the twisted trunks and interlaced branches of some old elms, which form a shaded bower over a wooden seat; another arbour still smaller at the end of the garden, under two cherry trees fringed with the clinging vine of Judea—this was all. But I forget not the murmuring spring—not even the well with its dark green stones. There was not a drop of water upon the whole place; but I forget the little reservoir which my father hollowed in the rock to preserve the rain water; and around that green stagnant water, a dozen sycamores, and some palm trees which shaded a corner of the garden behind the wall, and which sprinkled with their large yellow leaves the slimy surface of the basin.

Yes, this was indeed all! It was sufficient however, during many years, for the pleasures, the joys, the day-dreams, the recreations and the labours of a father, a mother, and eight children. It furnishes even now food for their recollections.

It was the Eden of their infancy, where their gentlest thoughts still take refuge, when they would recall for a moment a gleam of life's morning dew—a ray of the soft light of the dawn which shines bright and clear only upon childhood. There is not a tree, a flower, a bunch of moss in that garden that does not make as it were a part of our souls. That little corner of earth seems large to us, for in its narrow space are comprehended many memories.

The wooden gate—forever broken—which led to it, and through which we were wont to rush with shouts of joy; the borders of lettuce which were divided for us into little separate gardens which we cultivated for ourselves: the spot where our father seated himself with his dogs at his feet on his return from the chase; the alley where our mother walked at sunset, softly murmuring the prayer which fixed her thoughts on God, while her eyes and her heart watched always over us; the nook, open to the North, and sheltered from the sun during the heat of the summer days; the wall warm in its southern aspect, where book in hand we used to range ourselves like wall fruit in the autumn; the three lilacs, the two nut trees, the strawberries hidden beneath their leaves, the plums, the pears, the peaches found under the tree in the morning, covered with their golden gum, and moistened with the early dew; and at a later period the arbour beneath the elms which all, and I especially sought at noonday, to read in peace our favourite books; the recollections of confused impressions awakening within us as we read, and then the memory of earnest conversations held here or there, in such or such a garden walk; the spot where we said farewell when departing for a long absence.

That which welcomed our return, places where transpired some of the most touching scenes of the drama hidden in every household, where we saw our father's darkened face or our mother's tears of forgiveness while falling at her feet we hid our face in her robe, the spot where they sought her to announce the death of a beloved daughter, and where she raised her eyes and heart with resignation to God! All these images, impressions and groups all these figures, all this happiness and tenderness, still people for us this narrow enclosure, as they peopled, animated, and enchanted it in our earliest and happiest days. Our minds are no longer agitated by subsequent recollections of a scattered life; but beneath these shades we wrap ourselves, so to speak, in the grounds, the trees, the plants born with us, and feel as if our world should finish as it began within the circuit of these humble walls.

The paternal garden bears the same aspect still only the trunks of the old trees are now covered with moss, and the borders of pinks and roses have encroached upon the sand and narrowed the walks and the foot is entangled amongst their shoots. The nightingales sing still through the summer nights in the deserted arbours. The melodious murmur wanders still through the branches of the pines planted by my mother. The setting sun sheds the same splendour upon the evening clouds. The same repose still reigns there, disturbed only by the ringing of the angelus in the church tower, or the soothing and monotonous cadence of the peasant's flails, as they labour in their threshing floors.

But the parasite plants, the wild briars and the tall blue mallows grow in thick confusion among the rose bushes; the ivy clings thick and dark upon the wall, and encroaches every year upon the closed casements of our mother's chamber, and when wandering there alone I forget myself for a moment, and am recalled to my solitude only by the step of the old vine dresser, who now serves as gardener, and who comes from time to time to visit his plants, as I to indulge in my recollections, my visions and my regrets.

CHAPTER VI.

You now know this abode as well as I do—would that for a single moment I could animate it for you with the life, the movement, the harmony, and the tenderness, which filled it for us. For ten years I knew neither sorrow, unkindness, or vexation of spirit. All was free and smiling, within and around me.

I was not however, either enervated by the indulgence of those to whom I owed obedience, or abandoned to the unbridled and exacting caprices of my imagination or my childish will. I breathed in the healthful and life-giving atmosphere surrounding my parents, only tenderness, piety, and contentment.—To love and to be loved was my whole education, which was carried on in the open air and in the midst of the rude exercises which I have described. A plant of the hill and mountain, they gave me no unwholesome shelter. I was permitted to grow in strength and beauty, by constant struggles with the elements. This regimen succeeded with me wonderfully, and I was then one of the finest children whose naked feet have ever spurned even our mountain paths, where the human race is always so healthy and so beautiful.

My eyes were of a dark blue like my mother's, with clear Roman features, softened by the same pensive expression. The face was lighted up by the joyous spirit within, and soft fine hair of a golden brown, like the ripe bark of the chestnut, fell in waves rather than ringlets upon a neck embrowned by the mountain air. My stature was tall for my age,—my motions rapid, flexible and graceful I had an extreme delicacy of complexion, also inherited from my mother, and my changing colour painted at once on my face the quick and strong emotions of my heart. I was in every respect like my mother with a more masculine expression. Such was I at this early age; fortunate in person, heart and character, life had inscribed happiness, strength and health, upon my whole being.

Time, education, errors, men, griefs, have effaced them, but I accuse these and myself only. I have had no reason to reproach nature.

CHAPTER VII.

My mother's smile—my mother's eye, were the whole of my education. In her hands was the guidance of my heart. She asked only that I should be good and true; and I had no difficulty in being so. My father gave me an example of the most scrupulous sincerity; my mother of the most devoted and heroic excellence. My spirit, which breathed only goodness, could produce nothing else. I had no conflicts either with myself or others; all attracted, nothing repelled me. The little that I was taught was offered as a reward. I had no other teachers than my parents. I saw them read; I wished to read also; I saw them write, and I begged them to teach me too to form letters. All this was sportively accomplished, in leisure moments, upon their knees, in the garden, by the parlour fireside, with smiles and caresses. I had a taste for instruction, and I sought eagerly these brief and amusing lessons.

Thus I learned, not rapidly perhaps, but without my recollecting how, and my progress was never urged even by a frown. I advanced almost unconsciously. My mind always in communication with my mother's, was developed, so to speak, in hers.—For twelve years my mother sustained my moral life in her bosom, as she had once done my physical existence, even until the moment in which I was forcibly and unhappily torn from her to enter upon the unwholesome and chilling life of the college.

I had no master either in writing, reading, or languages.

A neighbour of my father's, M. Bruys de Vaudran, a man of talent, retired from the world in which he had hitherto lived, visited us every week; he gave me some copies in a very fine hand-writing, which I imitated by myself and brought for him to correct on his return. I had very early imbibed a taste for reading.

It was difficult to obtain a sufficient number of suitable books to satisfy my desires.

Childrens' books were already unsatisfactory—I looked with longing to the volumes ranged upon the shelves of a little cabinet in the drawing-room. My mother sought to moderate my desire to read them, and she gave them to me slowly and carefully.

From the Bible abridged and purified, the Fables of La Fontaine, which appeared to me at once puerile, false and cruel, which I could never learn by heart, from the works of Madame de Genlis, those of Berguin,—extracts from Fenelon and Bernardin St. Pierre, which have always charmed me, from the *Jerusalem Delivered*, *Robinson*, some Tragedies of Voltaire's, especially *Merope*, read by my father in the evening, I drew, as the plant from the soil, the first nutriment of my young intelligence. But I drew still more from my mother's soul; I read with her eyes, I felt through her impressions, I loved in her love. Nature, sentiment, sensation, thought, all come to me through her. Without her I should have scanned in vain, the creation which lay beneath my eyes—she made all clear to me. Her soul was so clear, so bright and warm, that she dispersed all the cold shadows. In making me by degrees comprehend, she taught me at the same time to love.

In a word, the insensible instruction which I received was not a lesson, it was the action itself of living, thinking and feeling, which I accomplished under her eyes, with her like her and through her.

We lived together, and my mind was formed by a model which I needed not even to look at, so completely was it confounded with my own being.

CHAPTER VIII.

My mother concerned herself very little with what is usually called instruction. She did not wish me to be particularly advanced for my age, she did not excite me by that emulation which is but childish pride and jealously. She measured me with no one. She neither exalted nor humiliated me by dangerous comparisons. She thought reasonably enough, that if my intellectual strength were once developed by years and by mental and physical health, I should learn as readily as others that small amount of Greek, Latin and Mathematics which constitute what is called a liberal education. She wished me to be a happy child, with a sound mind and a loving heart; a creature of God and not a puppet of man,

She had drawn her ideas upon education, first from her own soul and then from Rosseau and Saint Pierre; both, philosophers of women because the philosophers of feeling. She had seen and known them both in her childhood in her mother's house, and had subsequently read their works with much pleasure. In her youth she had a thousand times heard their systems debated by Madam de Genlis and the accomplished persons charged with the education of the children of the Duke of Orleans.

It is well known that this prince was the first who ventured to apply the theories of that Natural Philosophy to the education of his sons. My mother, brought up with them, and nearly in the same manner, could not fail to transplant to her own home the traditions of her childhood. She did it however with skill and discrimination.

She did not confound the education designed for princes, placed by birth and fortune at the summit of the social scale, with the instruction necessary for the children of poor and obscure families, placed near to nature in the humble conditions of labour and simplicity.

But the thought that in every condition of life it is necessary to make first a man, and when we have that, that is, a sensible and intelligent being, in just relations, with himself, with men, and with God, it matters little whether he be prince or peasant. He is what he ought to be. What there is, is good, and the mother's work is well done.

According to this system I was brought up. My education was a philosophical education, at second hand, a philosophical education softened and corrected by maternal love.

Physically, this education had much of Pythagorus and the *Emile*. The greatest simplicity of dress, and the most rigorous frugality in food were its basis.

My mother was convinced, and I have always cherished her convictions, that the killing of animals that we may feast upon their flesh and blood, is one of the most deplorable and shameful infirmities of the human condition. That it is one of those curses brought upon man, perhaps by his fall at some unknown epoch, perhaps by the indurations of his own perverseness. She believed, and I believed with her, that the habit of hardening the heart with respect to the gentlest animals, our companions, our helpers, our brethren in labours and affection below, that these immolations, this taste for blood, the sight of that palpitating flesh, are things which brutalize and harden the instincts of the heart. She believed and I also believed, that this kind of food, apparently more succulent and more energetic, contains within itself exciting and putrid principles, which irritate the blood and shorten the life of man. She cited in support of her opinions the large, gentle and pious population of India, who eat nothing which has had life, and our strong and healthy pastoral population, and even the labourers of our country, who work the hardest, whose lives are long and innocent, and who yet do not taste meat ten times in their lives.

I ate none until I was thrown into the irregular life of colleges. In order to destroy my wish for it, if I had entertained any, my mother employed no reasoning, but she made use of that instinct which is more forcible than logic. I had a lamb which a peasant of Milly had given me, and which I had accustomed to follow me everywhere, like the most affectionate and faithful dog. We loved each other with that first passion which children and young animals naturally have for each other. One day the cook said to my mother in my presence: "Madame, the lamb is fat, and the butcher is coming for him, shall he take him? I exclaimed; I threw myself upon my lamb,—I asked what the butcher wanted of it—and what a butcher was. The cook replied that the butcher was a man who killed lambs, sheep, little calves, and fine cows for money. I would not believe it. I besought of my mother and easily obtained favour for my friend.

A few days after, my mother took me to town with her, and led me, as if accidentally, through the court of a slaughter house. There I saw men with naked and bloody arms knocking down an ox—others were engaged in killing calves and sheep, and cutting up their still trembling limbs. Rivers of blood smoked here and there on the pavement. A profound pity, mingled with horror, took possession of my mind. I begged that we might pass quickly.

The idea of the horrible and disgusting scene which must necessarily precede one of those dishes of meat which I saw served upon the table, filled me with disgust for animal food and horror for butchers.

I have since been obliged to contorm to the customs of society, and to eat as others do, but have always preserved a well-founded distaste to animal food, and it has been always difficult for me not to see in the butcher, something of the executioner.

I lived then, until I was twelve, upon bread, the products of the dairy, vegetables and fruit. My health was not less strong, nor my development less rapid. Perhaps it is to this regimen that I owe that purity of features, that exquisite sensibility to impressions, and that gentle serenity of temper and character, which I still preserve.

CHAPTER IX.

With respect to my sentiments and ideas, my mother followed their natural development—directing them unperceived by me, perhaps by herself,—the system was love, not art, and was therefore infallible.

She was especially intent to direct my thoughts constantly to God, and so give life to them by the continual sentiment and presence of God in the soul; that my religion became a pleasure, and my faith a communion with the invisible. She could hardly fail of success for her piety had the same tinge of tenderness as her other virtues.

My mother was not precisely what is understood by a woman of genius, in an age in which women have attained so lofty an elevation of thought and style, and have exhibited such varied talents. She made no pretensions to genius. Her intellect was not exercised upon vast objects. She did not strain by deep thinking the easy and elastic springs of her pliant imagination, she understood not the part of the superior woman of this age.

She never wrote for the sake of writing, still less in order to be admired, although she wrote much for herself, and that the register of her conscience and her inward life might afford a moral mirror which she might often consult for self-comparison and improvement.

This habit of keeping a record of her life, which she always preserved, produced fifteen or twenty volumes, which I have happily preserved, and where I find her still living, when I need the shelter of her bosom.

She had read little for she feared to diminish her living and confiding faith in what she believed the voice of God.

She did not write with that force of conception and splendor of imagery which mark the gift of expression. She spoke and wrote with the clear and transparent simplicity of a woman who is not thinking of herself, and who seeks for words which justly express her thought, as she wears her robe to clothe rather than to adorn. Her superiority was not in her head, but in her heart. God has placed the genius of woman in her heart, because the works of her genius are all labours of love.

Tenderness, piety, courage, heroism, constancy, devotion, self-abnegation, serenity, full of sensibility, but enabled by the strength of faith to triumph over suffering, such were the traits of that lofty genius, which made itself felt, not in written books but in life, by all who approached it.

It was by attracting that she controlled, and hers was a superiority that we recognized but to adore.

CHAPTER X.

In the depths of that soul dwelt always a sense of the infinite. A sentiment immense but still full of tenderness and consolation. She was too magnanimous for the petty ambition of this life.

She journeyed through it but it was not her dwelling place. The sentiment of the Infinite, above all the infinite of love, had become for her a perpetual invocation and aspiration to HIM who is the source of all. It might be said that she lived in God as far as his creature might be permitted so to live. There was no aspect of her soul which was not constantly turned to him, which, not transparent, luminous and warm with the radiance which flows into the mind from above, and which penetrates the shadows of the soul's chaos, as the light of heaven pierces the crystal windows of our earthly abodes.—Thus she was sustained by an ever-living piety.—She was no devotee. She had none of those idle fears of God, those follies, those prostrations of spirit, those stultifications of thought which form the religion of so many women, and which exhibit only a prolonged childhood, or a disappointed and jealous old age, thus indemnifying itself for the unhallowed passions which it can no longer entertain.

Her religion, like her genius, dwelt entirely in the soul. She believed with humility. She loved with ardour. She hoped with firmness. Her faith was an act of virtue and not a result of reasoning. She regarded it as a gift of God received from her mother's hands, which she could not innocently examine or subject to peril. At a later period all her wishes and prayers, her tears of admiration, the effusions of her heart, the anxieties of her life and her hopes of immortality, were so identified with her faith, that it became a portion of her existence, and in losing or changing it she would have feared to lose at the same time, her innocence, her virtue, her loves, her happiness here, and her assurance of happiness hereafter; her earth and heaven at once.

She was born holy as one is born poetical. Piety was her nature. The love of God was her passion! but like all her other passions it was tranquil, tender, and blessed in the immensity of its object and her consciousness of its security.

Her piety was that portion of herself which she most ardently desired to communicate to us. She wished to make us children of God in spirit, and in truth, there too she succeeded without system and without effort, and with that wonderful natural ability, which art can never equal. Her piety which appeared in every breath, in every act, in every gesture, enveloped our every day existences with an atmosphere of Heaven. We thought that God was near her and that we too perhaps might hear and see him as she seemed to see, hear, and converse with him of all the impressions of life.

God seemed always in the midst of us, his idea was with our earliest thoughts, our most indefinite impressions. We could remember no time when he was unknown to us we could not recall the day when we had first spoken of him. He seemed always present with our mother and ourselves. His name was upon our lips with our mother's milk, and was pronounced with our first imperfect accents.

As we grew older, the acts which rendered us sensible of his presence, were performed before our eyes twenty times a day, in the morning and evening, before and after every repast, we were to make short prayers; our mother's knees were long our family altar, and she always wore at such times a solemn and collected aspect, which impressed us deeply with a sense of the importance of the act in which we were engaged, when she had prayed with us, and for us, her fair face became still sweeter and more touching in its expression, we felt that she had received strength and joy that she might bestow them upon us.

From Jerrold's News.

EXPERIENCES OF LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN

BY AN EX-EDITOR,

Coleridge found an analogy for whatever was new to him into which he drew the subject of conversation, when his knowledge of what was started he felt to be superficial. Sometimes he would involve a topic in mysticism, much in the German mode, till it became lost in a cloud. Where he was clear in himself he painted most of his ideas, verbally, with wonderful vividness, using novel modes of expression. Yet his power was not equal to Southey's or Lamb's, and of the fine essay fancy of the last he possessed not a particle. I used to think him a dreamer who found as much pleasure in dealing with insubstantialities as with what was real. His head was full of metaphysical subtleties. He preferred wasting his power on the desert air to raising, as he might have done, imperishable monuments of his own fame. He partook somewhat of the egotism of the Lake school, in general, though not to the extent of Southey are Wordsworth. He had a most enlarged mind and powers of an order superior to either of those writers, but he neglected them, for he had not their contentedness in essaying a slow reputation. His powers were only known to those who heard his conversation. His ideas were soap-bubbles, brilliant with colour and sparkling with light, but they soon passed away, and were forgotten. He was a heavy man, and high active genius seems to attach to integumentary levity. I remember his "Remorse" coming out. Elliston played one of the principal characters. Taking it as a poetical effort I was much struck with its many fine passages, but remember I thought the author no dramatist. It was too descriptive. The author did not identify himself with his characters, but seemed to speak for them. Much of the language is highly poetical. I was greatly pleased with Elliston in *Don Alvar*. Coleridge was given to censure, rather than praise, all that was not in the right line of his own ideas; it struck me, too, that with him praise was a a scarce commodity. He disliked the poetry of Campbell. Yet it may be asked whether the standard of poetical celebrity is not that which dwells on the tongue, and comes home to the hearts of the many. There are lines of Campbell, besides his "Odes," as there are songs of Burns, that will outlive, in their way, all that the Lake school has written. Coleridge, I always thought, would not be long remembered; he jilted his own fame.

The newspapers inform us that Madame Valabreque has left Florence in consequence of the troubles in that city. Who is Madame Valabreque? I imagine the present public do not recognise her under that name. Who but the syren that charmed the world so many years ago, as Angelica Catalini? A new generation has sprung up since she enchanted her hearers, In former days she wrote and signed herself A. Catalini. Her love of fame, has perhaps, in her old years subsided into conventional usage. I knew her well. Like Siddons in acting, so she in singing was then, and remains, unrivalled. She was a good personal figure on the stage, and altogether one of the most charming women that ever delighted an audience. Artless, open, pleasant in manners, and of most correct moral conduct, she was unfortunate only in her marriage with a man who appreciated her mainly as a means of obtaining money. He often subjected her to remark, as being avaricious, of which she had no taint. Her husband always arranged her pecuniarry affairs, as if she had no voice in the matter. When not in the active exercise of her profession she was with her children, whom she tenderly loved. I saw her on the stage and off, in her own house, and once at the house of a nobleman, where she was on a visit, as well as myself. I found her the same kind and interesting creature everywhere. Frank, good-humoured, often jesting on her own bad speaking. "Ah, Monsieur, I speak Italian, French, English, and all very Babylonish—none well." Yet when she sung "God save the King" in English, her foreign accent gave it a very pleasing effect. Her husband used to call her "Ma poule d'or" to everybody. He was a man of vulgar mind. She was, indeed, a poule d'or to him. A female friend said to her one day, "How, my dear, did you come to marry M. Valabreque?" "I will tell you," said that gifted creature, "how it was. I was at Lisbon; the Portuguese were enraptured with me, for they are a very musical people. Great dukes and counts came to see me, and some of them made love to me, so did M. Valabreque, but none of them talked of marriage except M. Valabreque, and I married M. Valabreque." The truth was that Valabreque, of whom nobody knew anything, wore a splendid French uniform, and frequented the Opera. He was reported to be a French officer, and thus he won Angelica Catalini. Soon after Junot and the French army entered Lisbon, and the French officer was made to doff his borrowed plumes, and appear in his real character of nobody. The only other noted personage on the Opera boards I recollect at this time was Trammezanini, a singer of very considerable power, thought not beyond others that have been heard since he took his departure. In truth I recollect little of the Opera. I seldom went. The perverted taste, the utter violation of truth and nature it exhibits; and, however "well chaunted" the dialogues, for an opera is but that after all, it never suited my taste; it often disgusted me. It was its own Metastasio without his tenderness, but with all his negative qualities. It was not thus with Cooke, Kemble, Siddons, and Young, who were on the tragic boards in the regular drama when I came to town. Then, to the eternal disgrace of English taste, or very soon afterwards, appeared the boy Betty, who filled the theatre with his rant, as full and even much fuller than Siddons or Kemble. From that day I was undeceived in the worth of popular taste. I went to see him twice, but went no more, being half ashamed from what I saw that I went at all. Nothing proved more painfully how limited is the love of truth and nature. The boyish voice and swagger of imitation too palpable. The utmost that can be said was that it was all very well for such a youth. To think that for a time he threw the greatest tragic actors this country ever saw into the shade, was a bitter satire on his audiences. The applause at his representation of *Macbeth*, of which character he comprehended nothing, as was unequivocally clear, disgusted me.—He had not the remotest conception of the poet's design. I saw him play *Douglas* under an engagement at Drury-lane of £100 a night! There he strutted away among actors six feet high, and well-grown women from twenty years of age to fifty.—Nothing was more ludicrous.

* * * *

I well remember in those days seeing Cooke fall on the stage from intoxication as the curtain dropped, after going through *Richard III* with wonderful power. How he contrived to remember his part was puzzling. His *Shylock* I even now think I see him play—he was inimitable in his way. He had the advantage of *looking* his characters. His hook nose, and the expression of the whole man in *Richard*, showed well. Kean was only fine in parts; he never looked a king. Cooke was the exact double of the man that Shakespeare drew. Those were theatrical times. I have stood on tip-toe on the back seat of the highest boxes to get a glance at the stage when Kemble and Young played *Brutus* and *Cassius*.

The first character in which I ever saw Mrs. Siddons was *Queen Catherine*. Here, again, the advantage of the natural person told admirably.—She appeared ideal majesty itself. When, as *Lady Macbeth*, she came forward and rubbed her hands together, in the night scene, I have gone home and dreamed of horrors. Nothing could go beyond it. I first saw John Kemble in "The Stranger," and, though a fine piece of acting, he did not impress me with his power as his sister did with hers. I preferred Young's *Hamlet* to that of Kemble, though, as others have observed, the character has never yet been played to the satisfaction of those who have read it, because the author's conception cannot be perfectly understood throughout the entire character.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

It is said that Lola Montes, some of whose jewelry has been sold at Phillips's rooms, intends to write memoirs and anecdotes of her residence at foreign courts.

"Nobody can doubt," reasons the *Liverpool Mercury*, "that, if the fear of *death* deters from crime, the fear of *death by torture* would still more deter. Few, however, will advocate a return to the barbarous punishments of our ancestors."

The *Gateshead Observer* says: "A quiet notice of an accident to a Jew millionaire (Baron Rothschild,) when out with his hounds, suggests to the mind the silent revolution which years have wrought in England. The Jews now hunt; they were formerly hunted."

An Amateur Practitioner.—A person, not of the medical profession, but who prided himself in his knowledge of physic, upon one occasion, in the Court of King's Bench, to convince Lord Ellenborough of his importance, said, "My lord, I sometimes employ myself as a doctor;" "Very likely, sir," said his lordship drily, "but is *anybody else* fool enough to employ you in that capacity?"—*Medical Times.*

Cleanliness and Godliness.—The London correspondent of the *Leicester Mercury* is perfectly right when he says: "If you take a family and put them into a comfortable cottage, not far from a public wash-house, that family will thrive and prosper—be neat, and good, and happy; whilst, if you put the same people into a totally opposite situation,—you make them as dirty and brutal, if not as wicked as they are miserable."

Peasant Proprietorship.—The working classes of Great Britain are not afraid of toil. By their untiring industry and practised skill they have raised this empire to a position never before attained by any nation in ancient or modern times. All that they ask is the power of maintaining themselves and their families by honest labour; but so long as they are divorced from the land and made helplessly dependent upon the precarious chances and changes of distant foreign markets, they can have no security that employment will be continuously or profitably supplied. Far better it will be for this country, when, instead of immuring one large portion of the population—women, children, and a few men—in factories, another large portion in workhouses, and yet another in prisons or hulks—the soil shall be free, and covered with the smiling homes of a hale, industrious, and happy people. Our present feverish and speculative system not only defeats the great objects of all human association, but necessarily engenders a host of evils, against which it is in vain to strive while that system lasts. It shortens life, generates ignorance and poverty, pauperism and crime, and in the midst of the means for diffusing plenty and happiness to all, curses the land with artificially created misery, destitution, and vice. A return to a more natural state of society, besides the social benefits we have shown to be inseparable from it, would have the effect of gratifying one of the most strong and unusually diffused instincts of our nature, the love of a country life.—*Commonwealth.*

Character of the African.—"Africans are great gamblers, and there are several games of chance at Cape Mount. One of these, called Po, is a war-like game. Each has a side of a board, pierced with twelve round holes; in each hole are four men.—They commence by what is called making a town, which is, by each collecting all his men into one hole; they then rally, and if a man can pass right round, putting one in each hole until he reach his own town, he huffs all those he has passed over, and so on, till the board is clear. At times, they become so excited at this game, as to sell even the cloth of deceny they wear.

"The weapons are spears and swords, but of late years the introduction of muskets and guns, in no small quantity, has taken place. In a town, a guard is set, night and day, armed, and the watches of the night are called; while in the bush, and on the frontiers, a constant picquet is kept.

"The moment the child is born, the mother, with the infant in her arms, starts for the nearest water (the sea is preferred,) and bathes. Nine-tenths of the population are born slaves, that is to say, the property of the remaining tenth; and thus the child, although born free, is almost sure of becoming the property of the mother's owners, either by sale, or from the affection she bears the father. Domestic slaves are not sold, unless some charge can be proved against them, and it is at all times easy to manage that; but the children thus sold are looked upon as bona fide slaves, and it is in this manner that the markets are partly supplied, and thus those hellish, floating miseries, too often met with, may be accounted for. The birth of a child is a source of no pleasure to father or mother: no natural ties, in any grade of society, seem to be acknowledged. If the father be a head-man he has a plurality of wives, and if a king, hundreds; and the female offspring are given, at a most tender age, to other head-men and sovereigns, as presents of conciliation and friendship. A poor man, on the other hand, would not be able to bring up a daughter, and consequently sells her. Boys have a better fate, as, be there ever so many, the head-man and the king are proud of them, and the poor man is often able to get his children adopted by his more wealthy neighbour.

"Marriage is an affair only common among the richer classes; King Cain had one hundred and seventy wives, the greater part of them under twelve years of age; while the matron of the harem and chief wife was not more than his own age. By these wives he had thirty children. A head man of a town or district will have as many as twenty and thirty wives, one of which will be either a sister or daughter of the king's; by which having given the king a relation, a sort of family connection arises that makes the king simply the head of one large family; for below these all are slaves to the king and head-man and their offspring."—*Six Months Service in the African Blockade.*

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE STANDARD.

DR. DAVID M. DAVIS, Woodstown, N. J.
CHARLES ATKINSON, Marian, Grant co. Ia.
J. MILLER M'KIM, Philadelphia, Pa.
AMARANCY PAINE, Providence, R. I.
PLINY SEXTON, Palmyra, "
J. C. HATHAWAY, Farmington, Ontario co. N. Y.
THOMAS McCLINTOCK, Waterloo,
S. HOWLAND, Sherwood's Corners, Cayuga co. N. Y.
S. STAMFORD ASHLEY, Oberlin, Ohio,
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Boston, Mass.
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ALEX. FOREMAN, Pulaski, "
JOHN P. DICKINSON, Cleveland, "
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JOHN WILBUR, 2d, North Easton, Washington co. N. Y.
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